

Don Zara Del Fogo :

A

Mock-Romance.

Written Originally in the Brittish
Tongue, and made *English* by a
person of much Honor,

BASILIVS MUSOPHILVS.

WITH A

Marginaill Comment

Expounding the hard things of
the History.

Si foret in terris videret Demecritus.



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To the most Nobly accomplished,

ROBERT, THOMAS, and JOHN
SPENCER, Esquires.

IN this Scribling Age,
when the *Writing Evill*
(a disease that in time
will destroy us) is become
epidemicall, it being a mat-
ter of more intricacy to
finde seven fools now, then
it was formerly to finde
seven wise men through-
out all *Greece*; I say in this
paper-

paper-spoiling Age you
may perhaps ask me what
Scribling fiend prompted
me also to vex the world
in print, and do more mis-
chief then five whirlwinds;
I answer, first, that the ge-
nius of the place where I
then resided would needs
command it: Secondly, my-
self found some kinde of
pleasure in the penning it:
And lastly, because it could
not find a fellow for me-
thod, it being indeed a most
serious piece of Drollery,
but

but no blown fooleries, or
windy poor bladders, I
confess a wanton method.

Here you may perceive
a valiant and thrice renow-
ned Knight, surrounded
with all the bewitching
snares of beauty and excess
having almost surrendred
himself a slave to sensuality
break through all those
blandishments that have so
long effeminated his manly
heart, and (with *Spencers*
Eaery Heroe) return to the
ruin of Gyants and Mon-
sters. If

If I may but find a candid
reception from you (noble
Gentlemen) I have all my
Ambition aymes at : as for
the other sort of people, I
know their thoughts, and
how their pulses beat, they
have the gift of impudence
let them be thankful, every
man is not born to such
bravery, I had rather get
the Pox then their friend-
ships, who are profest and
mortall enemies to those
honourable and luminous
principles you own, and to

The humblest of your servants,

B. M.



Don Zara del Fogo :


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Mock-Romance.



CHAP. I.

Don Zara his descent. The description of his Shield, and Martiall Furniture. His invocation, and setting forth to seek Adventures.

 T was now about that mungrell hour when the black-brow'd night, and grey-ey'd morning strove for superiority, when the mirror of Martiall spirits *Don Zara del Fogo* sweeping the somniferous God from off his ample front with that Broom of Heaven his face-pounding fist, entred into serious contemplation of

B

the

DON ZARA Book.1.

the renowned Acts of his most Noble Ancestors, *Thistram* the terrible and the great *Lancelot of the Lake*, so ravishing were those heroick Rhapsodies, that (upon mature chew of the cud) the Champion began to tax himself of tardity, as not having accumulated that Fame, which at the price of so
* eminent dangers he had so hotly hunted after; this second cogitation had but a while combated with the first, when he summons the Squire of his body *Soto*, who lay soundly sleeping at his beds feet, commanding him (since himself never knew Letters) to read the Chronicle History of Saint George, who bathed his body in the bloody bowels of a fell Dragon, or the like Atchievement of Sir *Elamore*, or the hard Quest of Sir *Topaz* after the Queen of *Elues* to *Barwick*, or of Sir *Guy* and the fierce Boar of *Boston*; Sir quoth *Soto* (who had hardly gained fight enough to see his Master) you were wont to take great pleasure in hearing the redoubted Adventures of Sir *Bevis*, firnamed *Southampton*; and *The Knight of the Sun*; that, that quoth the Champion, the Knight of the Suns actions

* See the legend of Don Sordido Knight of the Dripping pan, written by the Author of *Casandra*.

actions would put fire into a flint stone, animate a Log, and make a wooden leg to walk; *Soto* had not long led his Master by the large eares (* for our Champion boasted a long-
 linckt Genealogie, from the Phrygian King *Midas*, a hundred fourscore and fourteen descents by the fathers side) but suddenly deserting his bed, he
 ceazed (* all naked as he was) on his naked Sword, that Thunder-crack of terrour *Slay-a-Cow*, the very same that he lately won on *Monta-Mole-hill* from the great Gyant *Phrenedecrenobroso*, the son of *Pediculo*, and leaning thereon like the legitimate Heyr of *Mars*, he very attentively hoorded up the treasures of true Magnanimity. At every close where the Knight either wounded the Gyant, or reicued the Lady, in token of the ardency he bare to such illustrious Acts, he gave liberty to his nayles to bring blood from either buttock, for such was the ranckness of his courage, that not onely his soul, but his skin had a perpetuall itching after honourable Attempts, augmented by a herd of small Cattel, which some Authors will have to be

* Don Zara descended of the stock of Kings, see *Cambd. Avisoe.*

* For it was the custom of the Knights of that age to wear no shirts.

* This is
spoken with
all reverence
to Antiqui-
ty, which
we ought
lightly to
question.

* This needs
no clavis.

* Whether
by Vandike
or Hilliard,
is not cer-
tainly
known.

* Two ex-
cellent for-
gers.

the Genuisses of deceased Worthies,
all waiting upon this man of men,
which I confess * I cannot credit since
it was *Soto's* custome (in order to his
Masters special command) every mor-
ning to kill some of them; but the
cheerfull Lady of the Light, old *Ty-
thons* tender-skin'd Madam, appearing
our Champion, commanded his trusty
Squire to buckle on his Armour; too
long (quoth he) have we * Padlockt
Fames Tongue, not administering any
tittle rattle to that tell-tale Goddess;
Soto amaz'd at his Masters mood, soon
girds that Sword about him which
had often made head-strong Gyants
to reel, the flinty-edged *Slay-a-Com*,
putting a Buckler fashioned like a
Spanish Ruffe (full half yard deep)
about his neck, in which with won-
drous Art was pourtrayed the thrice-
famous story of that renowned Con-
bat betwixt those two Arcadian He-
ro's, *Clinias* and *Dametas*, as I have
seen those pair of Champions * drawn
to the life in Canvas against the walls
of a mean Mansion made for good
fellowship; those Bucklers that * *Ho-
mer* and *Virgil* have fashioned for *A-*

chiles

chilles and *Aneas*, were but the varnishes of some Indian hand compared with this rare piece of Sculpture, about the Reverse whereof was this Distich (which some attribute to *Linus*, others to *Hesiod*) ingraven,

*This Shield by Vulcan
was in Lemnos forged,
That it might serve
Don Zara for a Gorget.*

His Mace* bearing the figure of a Cambrian Fig Soto hanged at his Saddle bow, for he had abjured the use of a Spear since that fatall Turnament in *Utopia*, when a splinter of his Lance forced it self against the face of the truly San&imonious Matron *Bard-whore-a*; then seating himself on the back of good Steed *Founder-foot* (a horse not to be bettered in *Phœbus* Stable for the flownce or the frisk, and all the fashions of a prauncing Palfray) he appointed Soto to Lacquey by his side, committing himself to the guidance of Fortune: Soto was armed (not so much for his own preservation as his Lords defence) with an

* Enigmatically, intimating, that he cared not a fig for the stoutest antagonist.

* This kind
of weapon
the old Ro-
mans term-
ed a pile;
the Arabi-
ans that bor-
der upon I-
taly a Jave-
lin; the
Brittains a
half-pike.
See Scaliger
de usu clubi-
bus, l. 6. p.
16000.

* Ashen plant, made tough by Time,
and pointed with steel, his brain was
bound about with a Monmouth Tur-
band, and his back and breast bul-
warkt with impenetrable Past-boord,
so that he who had seen our Champi-
on and his Attendant, could not but
have fancied the mighty *Primalion*
and his Page, or the famous *Bragado-
chio* and his man *Trompart*; nor could
the piety of our Champion permit
him to castigate his Courser for the
mending of his pace, till he had offe-
red up this solemn Orayson to the

* Some may
perhaps ga-
ther from
hence that
our Cham-
pion was a
papist, or at
least papi-
stically in-
clined, but
they ought
to know
that their
opinion is
no way war-
ranted by
Antiquity.

* souls of those deceased Worthies,
whose complicated lustre creates that
splendent path, called *The Milkie way*.

O Mervin, Mervin, (*quoth he*) thou
mighty Son of the munificent Oger, who
at one stroke didst pare away three heads
from off the shoulders of an Orke begotten
by an Incubus! Thou George the great
Champion of Christendom (the true Apol-
lo) who for the sake of the Sultans daugh-
ter, destroyedst a Python (x acres in
length; Then Amadis de Gaule, who
encountredst with a Dragon and a Devil
at once; Thou Palmerin de Oliva, who
(by

Chap. I. DEL FOGO.

(by vertue of a Wart on thy nose) didst so many times passe the Ægean Seas in a Shallop contrived all of Coney-skins; and thou Errant Knight of the Ruby Rose; Look down ye immortall Essences of never-dying Fulgor, let your spirits be * centred and centupled in me whose * heart is of a size sufficient to retain all your Excellencies, and in whose ample brest there lodges as sublime a Soul as ever yet Nature coffin'd up in a Carkas composed of a mettal more robust then that of Roderigo, or Rud-Hudrinbrass.

* Centred and centupled, meaning hid and hundredfold.
* By this it appears that his heart was hollow.

This Ejaculation was no sooner sooner extinct, but Soto (enamoured on his Lords perfections, as if he had been inspired by one of Agrippa's holy Demons) began to shake his skull very strangely, rowling his eyes like Abraham in Sands his Show, in somuch that our Champion (could it have been possible for that thing call'd Fear to build in his brest) had fled from the face of his faithfull Servitor; but to put a period to his anxiety, Soto thrust forth these numbers, in a tone almost equall to * Stentors, the presages of

* Stentor was a Grecian Cryer of the court to K. Agamemnon.
Homer Ill.

his Masters incomparable, incomprehensible performances.

L Ace on thy Helmit,
mighty man of valour,
Fortune shall never squeeze thee
with her squallour :
Fierce Knights and crnell Beasts,
with many a Gyant,
Thy charmed steel shall make
both smooth and plyant ;
The sickle Goddesse
on thy horses Crupra,
(As her best boast)
has fixed her Nil-supra,
For things beyond belief
thou shalt atchieve-a,
Which shall make after times
to grutch and grieve-a,
When they shall finde thou hast
as brave a Plea-as
The great Achilles,
and the stout Æneas :
O therefore of thy Fame
be no neglecter,
Thou that art born
to rivall glorious Hector :
Were there a Troy besieg'd,
and thou within it,

Not Greece, nor Gallo-Belgica
could win it;

Troilus should live,

so Rhæsus and Sarpedon,

Achilles dye on's wounds,

and Ajax bleed on:

All that's Magnanimous,

or high, or rare-a,

Being lockt up in the brest
of our Don Zara.

Heightned with this poeticall Pro-
phesie (the *Brittish* * Proverb being
verified by this brace of brave ones)

our Champion already fancied him-
self fighting with *Gogmagog*, or *Gar-*

gantua for the moiety of the Universe;

but so unfortunate was he this very

first day of his most memorable re-

solve, that desired Adventurs offered

it self, neither fierce *Lyon*, nor furious

Bear, yelling *Dragon*, foaming *Boar*,

or angry *Antelope*, no perjured Knight

to fight withall, or injur'd Lady to

infranchise, no Magicall Wharfe, so

that the Champion did not causlessly

curse so calm a Climate, that afforded

no viands for Valour to feed on;

Thus chewing the cud of courage, he

rode

* Trim tram,
&c.

* This was
something too
mean a recep-
tacle for so
accomplished
an Heroe.

* Called in
old time a
red Lettice,
the signal of
something
that tends to
good-fellow-
ship. See
Causabon de
structuribus
& liquidibus,
lib. 90.

* That very
Lucius An-
neus Seneca,
who wrot of
temperance
and Forti-
tude, yet livd
like an effe-
minate Epi-
cure, and
dyed like a
pusillanimous
Coward.

rode on in much vexation, till the
approaching night warn'd him to
take shelter, which Fortune favour-
ably allotted him, for at the foot of
a huge mountain, whose head knockt
against the Clouds, a * Cottage with
a * chequered Portall, Piriwig'd with
thatch, and lined with mud, offer'd
it self for his entertainment, its course
out-side was no less then a corasive to
our Champions conscience, but he
had heard of * Seneca's Avisoe, that,
*The wisest and strongest men ought to stoop
to Time and Fate*; and threfore ma-
king a halt at the door of this sedgie
structure, he alighted from his good
Steed, and demanded hospitable treat
of the Captain of that carowsing Cit-
tadel, who (in much astonishment)
gave a trembling reception to himself
and Soto.

CHAP.



CHAP. II.

Zara and Soto their entertainment in the Cottage, their Host (looking upon the Champions fist) tells him his Fortune, and recites a Copy of verses, with other remarkable passages.

Our Champions carkass was not more harrassed with tedious tra-vaile, then his colon crammed with an accustomed vacuity, for he having been managed to this maturity with Mares Milk, though he boasted not the strength, yet he retained the stomach of a horse; the first thing therefore debated on by our Don, was (as an Inquisitor) what food the Farmery afforded? the Host after many cringes began to excuse his unpreparedness; his bed-Cockatrice seconding him with an old-brew'd Apologie, but quoth mine Host (who in all respects resembled that * Robert of the Vale,

* This Roberts surname was Booker, a maker of Almanacks, he had two handsome daughters & kept a Wine Ale-house. See the English Chron.

who foretold the landing of *Henry* the 7th.) if your worshipfull Excellency shall deign to accept of such prowaunt as at the present your servant can purvey, your worshipfull Excellency will eternally oblige me: Pray thee (quoth *Zara*) leave thy prate, and provide such sustenance as my merit commands, and thy estate permits; for by the soul of *Cæsar*, I am as hungry as an Ostrich, and could digest a bar of Iron bigger then an ordinary Main-Mast: The Astrologers (I am afraid) keep such * *Houses* as thine when they sup on sides of *Taurus*, and joynts of *Aries*: My guts quoth *Soto*, are contorted like a Dragons-tayle, in Elf-knots, as if some Tripe-wife had tackt them together for Chitterlings: The Host wondred at these eagre expressions, and concluded that the Champion had bin lately upon some Adventure fasting; while meat was making ready, the merry Host exhorts his Guests to a free Carowse, beginning a Health to *Charlemaine*, which *Don Zara* not refused, and commanding *Soto* to the same celebration; remember (quoth he) the great

* Being twelve in all. See *Merlinus Anglicus de starribus & ejus manifestationibus tract. lco. p. 10000*

great *Dnke* of *Drowndland*, whose Champion I am, and his sole Heire the most illustrious and divinely fair, *Morphema del Stupratia*. *Soto* was ever an obedient servant to his Master, especially if the injunction had any dependence on the pot or the spit, and therefore he failed not in the premises, so that *Bacchus* has almost baulkt *Ceres*, and our Champion is now more drink then dyet: But by this time * Supper is served up, but neither Hostess nor Host can be perswaded to sit down, but they waited on the Champion and his o'r-grown Page as incompatibly, as if *Homer* had made *Nestor* and *Hecuba* to dance attendance after *Diomed* and *Teucer*; they fast to admire *Zara*, and pray that themselves may escape the stroak of his * steel, the Champion making it appear by the terribleness of his teeth, that he dares tear the strongest opposite in pieces: Nor was *Soto's* courage much inferiour to his Masters, who eats and talks, making his stories the parenthesis of his meals, what Fiction reports of mad *Ajax*, that having kill'd a Sheep, fancied he had slain

* It were needless to mention the covering of the Table, or ranking and filing of the dishes.

* Or Knife;

slain *Agamemnon*, is here prov'd true, for every gaping Orifice that our Champion created, most lamentably butchered his Host, what wide wounds he gives Routing all before him; so that he must trust to tradition, that should say such and such once were: But at last his fury began to be asswaged, being grown weary of the work of death, he sheathed his Fauchion, and commanded a bowl of the same cratonian liquor to be brought, which after a trebble pledge, abolishes all nicity * and makes the Heroe and his Host look like one another, the four which make the Family now tippie promiscuously; * His Excellency enforces the parity, who (big with fancy) narrates his severall Encounters, Onslaughts, and Batteries, his infranchising of inthrall'd Ladies, his finishing Inchantments, his inquests at home, and Conquests in forreigne Countries, his binding of Gyants in brazen Gyves, and driving out the souls of Dragons and Dæmons; His Host and Hostess listning as attentively as if the Lecture of the *Seven Champions* were now reading: But, quoth my

* Such is the potent vigor of Ale.

* Not that he was a Leveller, but being of the same humor of some kings, who play at Nine-pins with their Pages, yet thereby neither subject their persons nor their powers.

my Host, if your Highness please I can inform you of your future Fate by an infallible Rule which I once learned of an old Gypsie in Monmouthshire, who pen'd it in Monosyllables, please to afford your victorious palm ; these last words were more terrible to our Champion then the points of a thousand Swords, imagining that his Host would hint that old Maxime in Palmistry, viz. the farcing of the fist with a piece of silver ; but this terrour was soon taken away by his Hostess ready reception of his hand, who (having gently wiped away that filth, which lay at the foot of his *mons veneris* with his spittle) began for to foretell many future events, and amongst the rest predicted, that such a year of his life the Champion should be * beholding to his book for his persons safety : This Clause made *Don Zara* (who knew that his neck could not be protected by his tongue) to laugh heartily, which his Host perceiving (though angry that his Art should not finde a more serious welcome) he said, I find that your worshipfull Highness had rather be - busied about some more merry

* Not that
he should be
condemned
to be hangd.

* Meaning
that the An-
gels only are
acquainted
with the
depth of that
Art.

* To which
he was not
invited.

merry imployment; I confess Palmi-
stry is so profound a Science, that few
or * none upon earth understand it :
Behold Sir a Copy of Verses that our
Vicar lately composed (on St. Valen-
tins day) occasioned by a great * Feast
made by Maier of *Quinborough*, a City
not above half a league distant from
hence; then pulling out a bag of the
best Buckram, the Champion having
commanded silence, mine Host began
to read the following numbers.

a The old
Maier.

b The new
Maier.

c The Al-
dermen,

d An old
wife.

e You may
smell out
the mean-
ing.

S Atturn grown old, the Gods agree,
b Jove should assume his Sovereignty,
And become chief; a solemn day
Appointed, when the Gods most gay,
(Attair'd in habits rare and strange)
Came to be witness of this change;
The Fry of Gods were there beside,
Each with his Bastard, whore, and Bride,
The path which to Joves Palace leads
In order, all this rich troop treads,
d Ceres threw wheat on Jove most dainty
Thereby forespeaking future plenty :
Th' Instructed Swine did follow after,
And for their Wheat left something softer,
e Civet, like Irish Soap, good beasts,
Fit waiters at such solemn Feasts :

At

At length they reacht Joves Hall of bliss,
 The Gods sat down, the f Goddesses
 Were striving for the Superiority,
 Til g Juno challenging the Majority,
 Ended the business (most demurely)
 Plac't and displac't as pleas'd her surely;
 The Tables stood full crown'd with Dishes,
 Enough to satisfie all wishes,
 Of longing Wives, or Maids grown sickly
 With fruits, and doing nothing quickly;
 Huge Pots of Butter not full blew,
 With Custards of a doubtfull hiew;
 Stew'd Prunes, bread made of h Malabane,
 And Honey fetcht from Sugar Cane,
 Green Apples, plenty of small Nuts,
 T'imploy the teeth, and gorge the guts;
 The Goblets proud themselvs to see,
 So full of Sider (verily)
 Both Brandy-wine and Aqua-vitæ,
 And Ale in years & strength most mighty,
 As plentiful as i Bonniclabbar,
 That each Guest his lips might slabbar;
 Thus with Satiety being crown'd
 with Bacchus wreaths in slumber drownd
 The k spheres made Musick all the while,
 The l Bard brave Meeter did compile;
 Then fulgent m Phœbus standing up,
 (In's greasie fist, a greasier Cup)

f The Aldermens wives.

g Mistris Maiorelle.

h Bread made of Cruds See the Irish Dictionary.

i A common Irish drink. See the Dictionary.

k Two Fiddlers and a blind boy with a Bag pipe.

l Their Poet m One of the Aldermen.

Drank

• The Mid-
lers Boy.

• They were
almost all
drunk.

• The Sun
went down.

• Mr. Maior
call'd to his
wife for
Candles.

• She was
drunk and
would none

• She took
Mr. Maior
a box on
the ear.

Drank Daphnes health, Bacchus reply'd
And quafft another to the Bride
Of Vulcan; this health pass'd along,
Mars's Fether wagging mongst the throng
Drank Pallas belth (brave wench & wise)
Which draught cost n Cupid both his eyes
Straining to pledg, Hermes stood still,
And markt how Ganymede did fill
The Bowls, which swiftly past around,
Till God and Goddesses had bound
o Their heads with Ivy-leaves and Vines,
His head to his knee, now each inclines;
p Apollo then slipt thence half drunk,
His burning Bonnet dofft he sunk
In Thetis lap, so Heaven lost light,
And day was damp't with irksom night;
q Jove bent for mirth, bad Juno spread
Her mantle ore the Worlds black head,
But r she inrag'd with Lyeus Juice,
And madly jealous without'scuse,
Refus'd to guild th'unspangled Skie,
With the eyes of her Cow-keeping Spie,
s And aided by a vigorous Fate
And the shrewd Goddesses, Joves state
She durst assume, pressing as farre
As th' Gyants in their mountain Warre,
They first bound Jove, the other Göds,
(Constrain'd by darknes, drink and odds,
Alas)

*Alas) were forc'd to condescend
To all things for a quiet end :*

*t Jove granted Juno rule oth' Ayre,
Her frowns or smiles mak't foul or faire ;
His Bolts and Lightning she may take,
And with her tongue the Ax-tree shake ;
From hence her Sex their Charter hold,
To rule 'gainst reason, cry and scold :
Proserpina obtain'd of Pluto,
That all should speed who she-saints sue to,
That mans affairs in purse or state,
Should be ruled by the womans rate ;
Venus may lye with all that love her,
No saucy God must dare reprove her,
Dallying with maners, whilst Don Vulcan
Should to their pleasures drink a full Can :
Thus by the stern decree of Fate,
Our Ile's an Amazonian State.*

*t Mistress
Maioresse
might do
what she
would.*

This Drollericall Poem mightily
augmented our Champions mirth,
who (as the fashion is for most great
ones) was ever delighted with what
his capacity most condemn'd, as soa-
ring too high for the frail sight of
Amphibion-like Genius, * but such
great spirits as that of Champions
move not by Pedantick Statutes, for
their actions, though excentrick, il-

** Sentence.*

• Which he
always om-
itted, ter-
ming it the
Tarnish of
his honour.

illustrates the cause, and *Priscians* pate receives honourable wounds, when they please to pummel his skull, but *Morba* the Champions Hostess is almost in as bad a condition as if she had swallowed purging Confects, casting up a very fair account ere the Champion * could call for his reckoning, so that six hands were not sufficient to convey her to her Couch: The night now was more than half spent, Baron Tell-clock had twice founded *Boot-esel* to our Worthy; and the busie Bell-man bounced twice at the door, and as well the Champion as *Soto* began to grow dormious, which occasioned the Host to petition their present departure to bed, which (with heavie heads heaven knows) they went to; yet maugre his pestiferous Ebricty, magnanimous *Zara* forgot not to have his Mace, and other Military Utensils conveyed into his Chamber (a Receptacle just five foot Diameter) where that night himself and *Soto* must make their abode on a Canvass Quilt stuffed with the richest Rye-straw, their Sheets of a duskish kind of Flannel.

CHAP.



CHAP. III.

What hapned to Don Zara in the night. His Host brings in his Bill of Fare. The manner of the Champions departure, with other accidents.

WHole Warrens of starv'd Fleas;
that bit like Ban-dogs (which
you will say was strange, considering
their somniferous Ale-bury) the
Champion and his fidelious Land-
loper Soto, that they thought them-
selves delivered over to the disposall
of Demogorgons diminutive Dæmons,
insomuch that the Champion grew
unspeakably intraged, especially since
he was out-raged by an enemy whose
existence pleaded a protection from
the violence of either Sword or Mace,
which causeth him thus to com-
plain:

* O ye powers celestiaall (quoth he) Zara's com-
plaint,
that powre down plagues at your
pleasures on pervicacious mankind;
C 3 what

* Who could
find up his
Cousins in
trust.

what crime greater then that of * *At-*
reus have I committed, that my body
is thus baited by the basest of worms?
Rather ye mighty Powers, who have
indewed me with Achillean Valour,
and Herculean strength; let my blood
be drill'd by the mightiest and most
Noble Champion in the world; or-
der me the overthrow of *Ottaman*, to
pull down the pride of *Persia*, or to
ruine the *Russian* Tyrant.

* Meaning
the Civick
Crown
which the
Ancients ap-
pointed for
him who
bore his bad
fortune
bravely,

With these and the like complaints
our distressed Champion spent the
most part of the dolesom night, but
finding it all in vain to bewail a help-
less ill, he resolved to bear his biting
Fate with as much magnanimity as
was possible, and so defying the ea-
gerness of those sanguine-coated *Aes-*
trums, he waited with incredible pa-
tience the approach of the Suns Po-
stillion, but was beguiled of that
* honour he hoped, for a sud-
dain drowsiness stuprated his senses,
and he slept as soundly as *Adam* when
his side was opened to find out that
Rib of Ruine; so that the Sun had tra-
vail'd almost a thousand miles ere he
opened

Chap. 3. *DEL FOGO.*

opened the windows of his eyes, by which time *Soto* (the very Emblem of an earnest zeal, and the meer mythologic of masculine love) was currying of his Masters Courser, and polishing his Armour with pretious Vulcanian dust; the Champion awaking, soon impoverished his bed to enrich his body, seating himself in his last nights tripling Tenement; nor must Fame forget to relate this (as an especiall and infalible argument of our Champions incomparable candour) that though his skarifi'd skin would hardly permit his shirt its wonted familiarity, * yet he took not the least notice of his last nights cruel sufferance, but with a chearfull voyce accosting his Host and Hostess, he bestowed on them a Complement consonant to the time of the day, commanding a Toast (in folio) to be forthwith made, the steeple Bowle to be repleated with Roping Ale, and (if possible) the powder of Nutmeg to be put therein; all which being perform'd with wondrous celerity, the Champion drank his noones draught, and appointed *Soto* the same Doce, who by this time

* *Zaras* una
parallell'd
Magnanimitie.

had finisht his morning imployment, and waited at his Masters elbow, who (whether by the malignant influence of some petulant Planet, or else vexed at the villany of his last nights bed-fellows) was exceeding sad and Saturnine, often starting, and sometimes with an irefull Aspect, laying his hand upon his Sword, to the amazement of his Host and Hostess; but Soto (who was intimately acquainted with these (seeming) strangers, and could learnedly Comment on the complexion of his Masters soule at such times as these) knew very well that these passions proceeded from no other cause, but that innate Antipathy between his Masters purse, and the proditory of a Reckning, which his * Host (the legitimate child of Mammon, and Madam Avaritia) had just now wounded his eyes with, the Champion (as not knowing its importment) accepted it, and (as his manner was upon all like occasions) gave it Soto, commanding him to read it: Soto receives it as a needy Gallant would his Taylors Bill, his countenance as pale as a Countrey Gentle-womans

* A very
very Victu-
aller.

womans, viewing the Lions at first time; it was written in very legible Characters, and ushered with this termagant Title.

A Bill of Fare.

Imprimis, Six Black Puddings, each of them a full yard in longitude.

Item, Five Loaves of the best Barley-bread.

Item, An Oxe head baked after the Franconian fashion.

Item, Seven pound of the best Essexian Cheese, sawed in sunder on purpose for the Champions eating.

Item, A Gallon of Mares Milk thickened with Meal.

Item, Nine Stanes of Lanted Ale.

The Lodging, large Toasts, and other Appendixes not accounted.

Soto sang these blanck Verses in a very feeble tone, and having finished, threw the paper into the fire with such fury, as sufficiently expressed how angry he was that his Masters eares should be molested with such muddy Sarcasms, which act of his put the Host and Hostess upon the tenters,
espe-

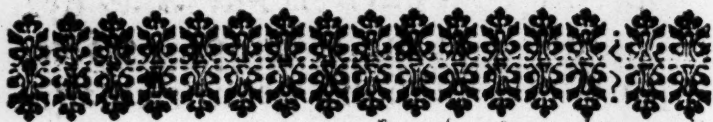
especially when gazing upon the Champion they beheld him foam like some incensed Boar, a pallid Lightning leapt from his eyes, and ill-portending Meteors hung upon his front so that he seemed the very picture of Doomesday ; but while all stood trembling, or rather wishing an immediate then lingring death, the Champion thundred out this menace,

But that thy Stars never ordained thee, thou man of *Motley*, as a fit morsell for my renowned *Kill-za-Cow* to manducate, I would presently slice thee into steaks, and broil thee upon thy own Grydiron ; hast thou a mind to have thy Fabrick fired in so many places, that all the Ale thou art Master of shall not be able to quench it, till it lye (like another *Troy* burnt by me (*Zara*) greater then the greatest of *Grecians*) low in its own ruines ? hast thou a will to have thy barrell heads beaten out, thy brittle Vessels broken against the walls, and thy wife led captive in *Ovant Triumph*.

This

This funeuos Inflation operated so
vigorously, that aswell *Morba* as her
Husband fell at the Champions feet,
imploing remission, as not imagi-
ning his displeasure: The Heroick
Don graciously granted their Petiti-
on, not onely pronouncing their par-
don, but affording his hand in order
to their elevation; but withall, war-
ned them to take heed for the future,
how they tempted the rigour of Fate
by a pecuniary proposall to a Knight
Errant; this the poor penitent swore
to; which done, our Champion
hanged on his Harness, mounting his
good steed with a Majestick nod took
farewell of his Host and Hostess, who
seemingly afforded him a Princely
Valediction, but in heart wished him
in *Procastes* bed, or *Perillus* brazen Bull.

CHAP.



CHAP. IV.

The Description of a fine, fragrant, flowery Vale, supposed to be the place where Adam tasted the Apple. The marriage of the Phoenix with the Bird of Paradise; her disloyalty, and his Tragedy. Don Zara's heroick hope.

Fortune having allotted so favourable a departure to her dear Don he was not onely animated for after performances, but exceedingly pleased with his own perfections, which had not onely crammed his colon, but administred instruction to the barbarous, how to bear themselves to true enobled Personages: Soto was as bonny as a new Beneficed Priest, and ran by his Masters Horse as he had bin ballasted with Quick-silver. The all-seeing Sun had travell'd more then half way to the *Antipodes*, when the Champion lighted upon a *Vale, so rich

* This Vale is not now to be found, but that there was such a place. See Mandevils Geography, lib. 10000. fœt. 20000.

rich and so rare, that Nature grew Bankrupt when she modelized it, and striving to be quaine (forsooth) forgot to keep any reserve; for by this work the Champion assured himself that she could make no more such; This goodly Plain was imboist with the choicest of Natures Jems; no frost nor winter there, but continuall Spring time, and everlasting Summer; here grow those happy Trees from whence flowes that precious Oyle wherewith Kings and Priests are Anointed; the choycest Fruit that Europe affords with such toyle to the Husbandman, are here to be had unplanted; Here Madam *Flora* gathers her Roses and Tulips, when we (alas) have not so much as a Dasic to deck her head with; Here *Medea* pickt those Simples that restored the wise *Æson* to youth; And here (that the World may no longer be deceived) it is that the Phoenix builds his Nest, being ever distinguished by his meniall Train, which are these:

The Pe-hen, } *The Turtle,*
The Turkey-hen, } *The Gold-finch,*
The

The Pheasant, } *The Canary,* and
The Popinjay } *The Nightingale.*

These are the Phoenix his Favou-
 rites, who travail with him through
 the Ayre upon all occasions, but he
 never passes the limits of this *Tempe*,
 as holding all other parts of the
 Globe not worth his visit : Some
 Authors (perhaps *Pliny* or *Solinus*) re-
 port, that the Phoenix had espoused
 the Bird of Paradise, his Bride was
 fair, and rare, and rich, and young,
 and wise, and noble, only her * *Tayl*
 is too ponderous for her body ; this
 noble pair dwelt not long in peace,
 for loves fire began to flake and coole
 * ere the unconstant Moon had twice
 lookt upon the foodfull earth with
 half a face ; she now began to hate
 and loath what she once so coveted,
 yet to * over-spread her had been no
 Herculean labour, had her insatiate
 Tayl and mind admitted of consci-
 entious bounds ; but thus ;

* she took
 this fault by
 kind, & there-
 fore was the
 more excu-
 sable.

* Riddle.

* Cover her
 in the origi-
 nall.

* Six golden
 Sentences
 borrowed
 from the 7.
 Sages of
 Greece.

* The weakest Stomacks desire the
 strongest meats.

Thus the greatest smoke rises from
 the smallest fire.

Thus

Thus slender wits undertake the profoundest matter.

Thus swift pursuit makes a slow performance.

Thus the Appetite is moved by impotence.

Thus Palmerin the Champion overthrew the Giant Franarco.

So she though little her self, loved every * great thing, and at last became so incorrigible impudent, that she durst mention a Divorce, although the Phoenix with tears besought the contrary, not so much out of affection to her, as to prevent the shame that must inevitably follow such a business, but all his persuasions were in vain, a separation is made, and she is married to *Cynosure*, an unknown fowle, both begot and bred by the Ayre. he (according to kind) trod incessantly * firing his own Fabrick to quench hers, who laid often, but yet they were but Wind Eggs, though some * Naturallists say, that such Eggs do hatch the Cockatrice.

* Though it were long first.

* Had a spice of the French

* See Corat and Poet Quid.

How sad the Phoenix was in mind? how sorry to be so slighted by her for whose

whose sake he had so debased himself
 I leave to those that have been Phœ-
 nixes to judge; but so mightily he
 took it to heart, that now (too late)
 he resolved to hate all second mat-
 ches, and to dye a Widdower; but
 grief perplexed him so, that he feared
 he should leave the world, ere he had
 created himself anew, and so his nest
 being unmade, he might quickly lose
 both life and name; to prevent which
 he takes his speedy flight over hills
 and Dales, Lakes and Rivers, over
 Kingdoms and Countries, both East
 and West, and all this to gather Spi-
 ces for his Funerall (O * sweet Bird!
 how sad was thy Fate?) But it seem-
 ed better to him (according to his
 pristine priviledge) to kill his body,
 and renew his mind, then to pine a-
 way with grief six hundred years, and
 therefore (having betaken himself to
 his Nest) surrounded with his preci-
 ous Gums and odoriferous Spices, the
 Sun shining bright and hot, he with
 his wings augmented the heat, whose
 strong Retention kindled his Bed, as
 Boyes do dryed leavs with Burning-
 glasses, which soon consumed his nest
 himself, and all to ashes.

And

* The Au-
 thor laments
 the deplora-
 ble condition
 of the Phœ-
 nix.

And least all these sweets should want as sweet a harmony, a numerous troop of Nightingales conspired in one consort, to warble forth the delicacies of their abode, amid this Vale their glided a silver Brook, so gently, that the subtillest eye might gaze very strictly, and not perceive it, on whose violet bancks grew thick Cypress trees, to keep out Phœbus beams; Here *Pan* and *Faunus*, the Dapper *Driades*, with Madam *Marisco*, Queen of Fairies used to dance the Morris by Moon-light; the bottom of this azure * Rivulet was paved with Pearls and Diamonds, which varied their gloss as the gentle breath of *Zephire*, purled the surface of the stream, and presenting to the eye (like a Steele Glass) the spangled beauties of the Firmament; Dolphins usually deserted the Ocean, to sport in this *Pactolian* Fountain: Our Champion exceedingly rejoyced, that so happy a harbour proffered it self for his repose; As also, that there was, now, a fair probability of some remarkable Adventure; and therefore clapping *Soto* on the shoulder, Come on,

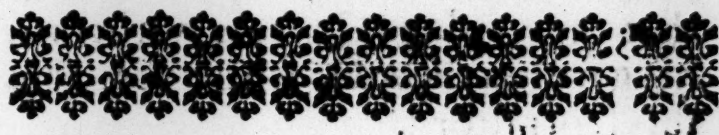
D

(Quoth

* Who knows but this was that very *Tagus* or *Pactolus* so famous in Poësie,

(quoth he) with Roman-like courage, for the Gods, I hope, have appointed me some hungry Lion, or gag-toothed Bear, some deformed Gyant, or male-contented Knight to encounter with here in this Flowery Valley; So putting spurres to his Horse, like another *Alexander* on *Bucephalus*, he made his way into the very entrails of the Grove, at whose dreadfull approach, *Sylvanus* and his shaggy crew fled amaine, and were soon out of sight, to the Champions extream discontent, who would fain have been belabouring any thing that had life; but the * pleasure of the place soon calmed his spit-fire contemplations, so that he unlaced his Helmet, and unharnessed himself, lying down at the root of an Almond-tree, where (having been kept waking by malignant Fleas almost all the night before) he soon became slave to *Somnus*, the pratling Brook in a pleasing tone chaunting a Dulced Lullabie.

So Hannibal was caught with the delicacies of Camp.



CHAP. V.

What Discoveries Zara and his Squire made, wandring up and down the Grove. The Lady Gylo coming thither to disport her self, is encountred by the Champion. His most elegant Courtship. Her Responſion. With other passages.

THrice happy Z A R A, who art thought worthy of that Paradise which the first man forfeited for an Apple; But while the Champion slept, Soto (being surprized with the beauty of the place) was ranging up and down to make discoveries, here Potatoes & ripe Grapes offered themselves to his lips; there Pomgranates and luscious Dates contended which first should salute his goodly-fiz'd grinders; Soto was not nice in acceptation, but gathered greedily of all sorts; returning laden to his magnanimous Lord and Master, who

D 2

snorted

snorted so lowd on his Rosie Cowch,
that the verdant Grove reverberated
his garulous repose, while Soto sang
this Dormitory.

S O N G.

SOm nus, O thou Protean God,
That with woollen shooes art shod,
Thou that hatest Trump and Drum,
Loath'st the Cock, but lov'st the Combe :
Grand enemies to Fifes and Forges,
And the Daughters of Boanerges ;
Friend to Fishes and to dumb men,
To silent women and to some men.
great God of Caps,
of nods and naps,
Clumzey Somnus now prepare-a,
To rock the senses of Don Zara.

Soto had no sooner ended his Epi-
diction, but the Champions scales fell
from his eyes, and he perceived his
faithfull servant sitting at his feet,
having prepared a Repast after his
Repose ; the Champion fed furiously
on the Grapes, squeezing bunches of
them by the dozen, as if he had searcht
for * *Erigone*, and now being suffici-
ently sated, he arose with a resolve
to

* Bacchus
his beloved
a plump
brown
Nymph. See
Cardan de
fabrilitate.

Chap. 5. **DEL FOGO.**

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to explore for flesh, either Goat or Stag, but Nature had not played her part so profusely, and indeed she had manifested a prodigious prodigality, had she afforded a Shambles to her Fruiterie : The Champion and Soto had not long quested, but they happened on a spacious Cave, situate at the foot of a Cedar, it was a very vast Receptacle, seeming the work of some Sylvan, or Wood-god, for a Nocturnal Repository ; Soto was first sensible of the novelty, and gave information thereof to his Master, who commanded him forthwith to enter, but Soto gave a modest negation to his Masters mandate ; for, quoth he, who knows but this may be the Mansion of that Genius which governs this goodly Grot, who being justly incensed at such an intrusion, may metamorphose us into Maples, or some more sordid sort of Fewell : Thou speakest well, quoth Zara, but (that thou mayst know thou servest a Master, whose courage is not a whit inferior to the stoutest Champion that ever bore Buckler) I am resolved to enter this Cave were it wall'd with

D3

Dragons,

Dragons, and inhabited with Demons; so unsheathing *Kill-za-Cow*, he resolutely leapt into the Cave, examining every angle thereof, he found it a fit residence for an Errant Knight, yea, and a Lady Errant if occasion commanded it; in all respects most resembling that very Vault which *Joseph* the son of *Goron* possessed, when that venerable Quack sold his Brethrens lives (by a Sortilgie) to save his own: Having taken strict notice of its Dimensions, he called *Soto* to the Caves mouth; Enter, quoth he, (thou sperm of a hen-hearted Groom) and make it thy wonder, to survey what a subteranean shelter Fate has allotted us: *Soto* (though shaken with an Ague fit) confidently enter'd, and seeing no occasion of dread, took heart of grace, insomuch that he hardly refrained upbraid his Master, as guilty of calumny in down-right terms; * My Lord, quoth he, you are too much an Heretick, if you think your *Soto* refused to cast himself into this Cave out of any anxious cogitation as to his person, for had it been the very throat of *Tartarus*, the gullet of

* *Soto* his Apologic.

Chap. 5. **DEL FOGO.**

39

of *Gebenna*, or the belly of *Barathrum*, his courage had afforded him a will to any attempt, though supernatural, especially having the great *Hercules* for precedent, who forced the very Fiends to a compliance, & * brought away *Pluto's* three-headed Porter; the truth is, it was my piety that perswaded me to forbearance; I have read Sir those Lay Divines, *Homer*, *Hesiod*, and *Theocritus*, and do believe with them, that * every Grove, Grot, and Stream has its tutelar and vehicular Deity; but these obscurities (my Lord) are too deep for your reason, you must sit down with a description, Periphrasis, or Adumbration; I say, had it not been impious for me to have rashly rushed upon the Genius of the place: Brichee no more, quoth the Champion, these Puntilloes besit not my observation, let feeble-soul'd *Dorados* listen to such effeminate Axiomes, I am the Rod of Heaven, a man made to let Mortals know how much that fear'd thing may be indebted to my self, the great and true *Amphiprion*; for thee (*Soto*) I do not much wonder at thy fear, though I hope

* An. Mus.
7529.

* Wirnele
che Aqua-
tick and Te
restiall An-
gels.

thy converse with me; together with
thy strict observation of my Actions,
will render thee after som few months
sufficiently Heroick; Having said
thus, he deserted the Cave (with a
resolve to rest there that night) and
returned to the place where he lately
both slept and eat, neer which he be-
held the Thunder-crested *Founder-foot*
feeding almost to a * surfeit on the
sweet and verdant Grass, which that
plat of ground afforded of an incre-
dible height; Here arrived, he and
Soto sat down, resolved to encounter
with a second Collation, when they
beheld a woman (an infallible Argu-
ment, that she was none of the soun-
dest Politicians) plucking Pomgra-
nates, and ripe Oranges, which grew
there in abundance; *Soto* supposed
that some new *Minerva* was dropt
from Heaven, or another *Venus* newly
born of the brackish waves, had cho-
sen this Grove as the most pertinent
place of Ætheriall Delectation; she
was cloathed in a rich and sparkling
kind of stufte, woven by * *Arachnes*
fingers, of the finest *Calidonian* Silk,
buttoned before with green Em-
raulds;

* Not but
that the
Champion
Horse was
of a mode-
rate temper,
but this is
spoken by a
figure, cal-
led *Equo*,
intimating
what might
have hap-
ned to a
more luxu-
riant Pal-
fry.

* An emi-
nent Spin-
ster.

raulds, yet not so close but that those hills of snow, her immaculate breasts were visible, lurking under the shadow of Lawn; that Globe of blisses her head was covered with a Tyre of green Sarcenet, fringed with blew Flanders Lace, studded with *Bristol* Saphyres, which (could it be possible) augmented the lustre of her heavenly face, so that she seemed like another * *Aphrodite* finish'd for the imbraces of *Adonis*, or a second *Helen* proud of the lime-hound *Paris*: The Champion (though otherwise too tough for such tender Creatures, having been train'd up in the School of *Mars*, and not of *Cyprides*) melted before the eyes of this Sunny substance, waxing * proud beneath the navell, and in a minute was moulded into a perfect Inamorate; *Soto* felt the same flames about his heart, but durst not manifest the itching of his soul; our Champion a long time feasted his eyes without speaking (resembling the Statue of *Mark Anthony* gazing on the beautiful Idea of *Cleopatra*) remaining as it were extasie.

* A Venetian Courtesan

* A Disease called the swelling of the leg. See *Farnelius* & *Culpeper* *Legacie*.

Such

*Such is thy force, O mighty Cupid,
 Thou canst make Mortalls dull and stupid,
 And when thy Tyrant pleasure varies,
 Dick is all fire, and Tom all Ayre is;
 From the Flayle unto the Miter,
 From the Galeon to the Liter;
 From the Stall unto the Sty,
 Are thy Trophies rais'd on hyc.*

But at length recollecting himself, he commanded Soto to make up to the Lady, and to Complement her in his name: Sir (quoth Soto) under your correction, I think it would make more for your Honour, and predict a surer Accomplishment of your wishes, if you accosted her in person, rather then by Proxey; The Champion could not withstand this Oraculous Incitement; And therefore willing SOTO to wait upon him in the most Ceremonious posture that could be thought on; hee hasted to the place where this Piece of Divine perfection resided, who seeing (as shee thought) a couple of Champions drawing near her, began to flie, as in a wild amazement,

ment, but the Knights * courteous with his
 comportment perswaded her, that Helmet in
 harm could not be intended, where his hand, and
 such officious zeale was intimated; bowing him-
 self often to
 the earth.

Fortifi'd with this resolve, she stood
 still, expecting the Champions ap-
 proach, who almost * out of breath,
 could not express himself with that
 fluent Accuracie, which otherwise he
 had done; but after some respirati-
 on, taking her by that moyst Ada-
 mant, her Lilly-white hand, he de-
 livered himself very volubly, Thus;

* Being used
 to ride, not
 run.

Most fair and beauteous Lady,
 whose eyes are the Sun and Moon of
 the Earth, whose face, whose fore-
 head, whose lip, whose hair, whose
 mouth, whose hand, and whose all,
 pronounces all other of your Sex, but
 meer dashes, stroaks, *a la volee*, or at
 randome, that face was not formed
 for any beneath the degree of a knight
 Errant to kneel to; that lip (most
 fair *Venus*) was not Vermillion'd o-
 ver for any to kiss, that cannot boast
 the spoils of War, & the Trophies of
 Victory; Behold (Natures best Picce)
 where *Don Zara* (whom Kings have
 kneel'd to for their lives, and Queens
 have ob-

obscured as pensive Lovers) prostrates his Horse, Armour, Sword, Mace, Shield, Servant, and Self at your bright feet, imploring what the most resplendent beauties on earth * have beg'd of him, it is Love most worshipfull woman that *Don Zara* implores, without which this soul of his (though to the whole worlds loss, if not ruine) must forsake its mansion, and your self (all too late) repent your coyness, that has destroyed the most fidelious fighting Servitor that ever laid just claime to honourable beauty, and beautifull honour.

* Meaning a retaliation of Love. See Cupids Messenger. pag. 10000.

Gylo (for so was the Lady called) knew not what Responsion to yield to this facetious Rhodomontado (a Complement not to be paralell'd in any *Grubstreet* Romance) but at last making most humble Obeysance to our Heroe (with cheeks blushing like *Aurora*) she answered :

Thrice Noble Sir, your manly figure, and soul-slaving Oratory, as they command my wonder, so they contraine me to an ingenuous acknowledgement, that I am no way worthy of your notice, whose wonder-

der-working Valour merits a *Minerva* for Mistress, and whose copious elocution makes *Mercury* ashamed of his emptinesse; but if the candour of my Starres allot me so bounteous a blisse, that your honoured self shall think I deserve your commands, yonder Mansion made of Marble is my abode, and in the bowels of that room adorned with a Balconey do I constantly cover my self.

Gyle had no sooner uttered this, but lowting low, she and her Maid forsook the place, leaving the Champion and his Servitour in much amazement.

CHAP.



CHAP. VI.

Zara murders a monstrous Bear, who assaulted him in the Cave : He playes and sings beneath the Lady Gylos chamber Window, and receives a very luckie return of his Love.

* Simile.

JOy and wonder (like two opposite winds disturbing the already distracted Ocean) strove for Supremacy in our Champion; on the one side the Ladies worthiness, on the other side her coyness palsied her brain, so that he remained for a time as one
* trans-elemented.

* Meaning transmogrified, or metamorphosed into a Man-drake,

*Such is thy power, O Love,
Such is thy might,
When thou surprisest any
Mortall Wight;
Whether Orlando Smith,
or Oswald Clinker,
Whether the Great Turk,
or the brass-fac'd Tinker;*

Thou

*Thou mouldest him anew
in every part,
And for a pint of Mirth,
reckon'st a Quart
Of Sorrow, making a most
grievous pather ;
A Pox upon thee,
and thy Sea-born Mother.*

Soto a long time observed his Lord
with a serious look ; but perceiving,
that he cared not to put a period to
this excruciating extasie, he burst out
into a hearty laughter, saying, * *Cu-
pids Arrows (I perceive) can pierce
the strongest Armour, and supple the
most sternest soul, * as those are the
most killing griefs that dare not
speak, so (no doubt) those are the
most ineffable joyes, that cannot gain
utterance : Rejoyce, my Lord, and
sing Pæans to the pretty little God,
who has thus courteously awarded
you : You are the wittiest and best
of Servitors, answered Z A R A, O
I could dye upon her * Spot, and
venture life, or otherwise do more
for her dear sake then those famous*

* Sentence

* Sentence
upon sentence
inserted by
the Author,
merely for
the solace of
the sage.

* Meaning
some private
mark.

Palla-

Palladines, who were Kinsmen to mad *Rowland*; *Hercules Labours* were but a Bakers dozen, mine shall puzzle *Arithmetick* truly to compute them: She is indeed (quoth *Soto*) the *Metaphysicks* of her Sex, the very Rule of *Algebra*; you are the *Jove* that must press this *Leda*, the *Endymion*, that are beloved by this *Cynthia*, and the *Anchyses* that must enjoy this *Venus*: I know it (quoth *Zara*) for didst thou not observe how her colour went and came all the time that I was courting her; and though I say it (that should not) I never in all my life had the happiness of more fluency on so short a warning: *Hermes* himself (quoth *Soto*) could not have handled his business better; but Sir, take it from me, * *He that has a woman by the waste, has a wet Eele by the tayle; And they hate delays as much, as they abhorminate debility*: What wouldst thou have me to do (quoth the Don?) shal we presently visit her; not so soon Sir, quoth *Soto*, you know that providence has provided us a place of rest, you may well waste this night in contemplation of her Excellencies, and to morrow,

* An Axiome
Borrowed of
Cato.

row, ere the fleet hours shall have harnessed Phœbus fiery Horses, we will bid her *Bonjour* at her Balconey, by which time (if the Muses favour me) we will be provided with an amorous Canticle, Rivall to best of * *Petrarchs*, *Sidney*, or *Ronsard*, onely the Alcean Lyre will be wanting, but that our Voyces shall supply, (* for the silent note which *Cupid* strikes, is far sweeter then the sound of any Instrument) celebrating her beauty, and inciting to the Paphian pleasure. Thou art my better Genius, quoth *Zara*, and shalt share my Fortunes, this was excellently well thought on, and cannot but exceedingly take.

* A most excellent Italian Balad-maker.

* See Tom Dales Aphorisme, Tome 9 sect 12. Apho. 19.

Approach thou silent Night,
 mother of Rapes,
 And dreary ruine,
 friend to Owles and Apes,
 Fly, fly, ye winged hours
 with eager motion,
 And bring the chearfull day
 from forth the Ocean,
 Father of life and light,
 when thou appearest,
 I'll take my rise,
 resorting to my dearest.

I have often heard (quoth *Soto*) that Love can inspire the most insipid; now I have prooffe, my Lord, that you are a very Lover, witness this polite Poeticall passion, but the Night-Raven (Sir) has chanted her Vespers, and Madam Nox has already hung her Curtain over the Hemisphere, let us convey our selves to our Concave, quoth *Zara*, and summon *Somnus* to a peacefull parley: I have, said *Soto*, furnished our Pavillion with a bed of the best Moss, and the trunk of an Alder tree for a pillow: Thou art in all things excellent, quoth *Zara*; but now for the contrivance of our Ode: Let me alone for that, quoth *Soto*,* He kick the Mount to Atoms, swill up Hellicon, ravish the Nine, and break *Apollo's* Fiddle about his pate, but He Rant in most magnificent Miter; He warrant the Lady is your own, if (which we have cause to guess) she be one of *Minerva's* Maids of Honour: This said, they departed to their hollowed Mansion, and taking their Cowch, on a sudden became speechless, when Fortune, the professed enemy to worth, appointed them a very danger-

The John
Lovelands
Belovs,
Poem 22.

dangerous Adventure, for the Nye Sergeant *Morphems* had no sooner arrested their senses, but the proper owner of the place, a Bear as black as blackness it self, as fell as an Hyrcanian Tyger, entered the Cave (as was her wonted guise) with a resolve to rest her self there that night, but finding uncouth Inmates, she gave so loud a roar, that the Grove echoed the Thunder of her throat; This yelling Allarum soon beat up the Champions Quarters, and he awaked in much distraction, giving *Soto* (though accidentally) so sound a blow on the breast with his *foot, that he cryed out as he had bin broke on the wheel; by this time the Bear had bitten our Champion quite thorow the calfe of his left leg, which made him roar more audibly then this beast of prey entering the Cave: *Soto* mean time (like a hardy Squire) strenuously assaulted this wild creature with his Javelin, but found his hide too tough for penetration, and such was the mockery of Fate, that the Champion had not opportunity to unsheath his Sword, so that his face was scratched and scarif'd,

* Whether his left or right is not certainly known.

rish'd, as his leg was bruiz'd and wounded, no quarter from head to foot was free; was it not time then for the Champion and *Soto* to lay about them, for this hairy Monster fought not to gain honour, but to allay hunger.

The pious
Author pitifully be-
moans the
bad condi-
tion of Za-
ra.

* Ah *Zara, Zara*, had I my wish, some God should turn thee into a Sheep, or Goat, nay rather then sail into an Ass, to escape this vile visitation, then thus be taken like a tame Beast in thy own Den.

Yet at last despite of Destiny he forced out *Kit-za-Cow*, and with one single thrust pierc'd through the skin ribs, and rish'd of this sawcie Savage, cleaving her heart who giving a deep groan, becam exanimate: This Conquest being so happily atchieved, the Champion (with *Soto's* aide) disburthened the Cave of this rough creature, whose length (by *London* measure) was no less then six yards, and whose head the Champion immediately severed from the unwieldy Trunk, hanging it on the top branch of a Beech Tree, as a Trophy consecrate

to

Chap.6. *DEL FOGO.*

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to *Nemesis* and *Astrea*, ingraving this
Distich about the Bole.

*Apollo, Python slew,
which was no Bear-a,
The Monster own'd this head,
was slain by Zara.*

But the wounds and scratches lately received, were not so irksome to our Champion, as the sorrow he underwent to be maimed at such a time by this beast of *Mars*, when he had wholly devoted himself to *Venus*, yet such was the ardency of his affection, that * he resolv'd to visit his Mistress with the morning;

O true and unparalell'd Amorist, worthy the Pen of another *Parker*! Others if but prickt with *Eglantine*, or *Phlebotomiz'd* with the *Guardians* of *Roses*, think themselves sufficiently excused for not doing that *Devoyre* to their Mistresses which *Cupid* commands; but he, though creeping on hand and crupper, will not faile to complement his fair one, and who knows but the compassionate Gods may reward this admirable Ardour,

* Though one of his supporters had been broke off. well sayes the Adage, Love will halt where it cannot go.

with the miraculous cure of his wounds, without the aide of *Macbaon* or *Podalyrius*.

The Olympick powers, said *Soto*, have manifested their care of your couragious carkass (thrice Noble and redoubted Heroe) in that they guided your good Sword to so home a thrust when in all probability you had been manducated by that Monster, who now remains headless; the sightless Deity does alwayes file their names; whom he thinks worthy to wage war under his Banner with blood; But I too long neglect to apply some healing herb to your yawning wound; Having said this, *Soto* arose, and searching about the Grove for some * sanitating Simple; he at last lighted upon that (Hell-envied, Heaven-guarded) weed, called * *Morsus Diaboli*, which he gently cropped, chaunting a Canticle to *Tellus*, and resorting to his maimed Master, squeezed the juice thereof into his wound, and then applying the leaf it self, bound it about with the rind of a Mulberry Plant, which gave him present ease, and occasioned his Benizen on solicitous

Soto :

* For the better understanding of this read Dr. Trige Praxis Pueros lib. p. 20000

* See Clavels Recantation, pag. 121.

Chap. 6. DEL FOGO.

35

Soto: By this time *Aurora* was visible in the East, clad in her purple Robe; *Æous* began to shake his fiery Main, neighing so loud, that *Sol* (* who had slept with *Thetis* all that night) sat upright in his watry bed, and after a yawn or two, took his scourge in his hand; the Champion and *Soto* therefor immediately set forward on their amorous enterprize, and were under the Balconey, where our war-like *Leander* expected his Lilly-handed *Hero* ere the Sun was warm in his Throne; for some minutes they diligently listened if they might hear any body stir, but neither jarre of Clock, nor the hoarse hum of any drowzie Groom to be heard, all things buried in so profound a silence, as if the God of dreams had here pitcht his Pavillion. Begin the Hymn, quoth *Zara*, the Canzonet that must give my Goddess the Alarm of love, my self will help to bear the burthen; then *Soto* having opened his Organ pipes with a Pegasian hem, began to warble the following Song:

* By this it appears that the Sun himself is an adulterer. See the Act against Fornication &c.

E 4

SONG.

S O N G.

1.

A Rise thou true Aurora from thy East,
too long (good faith) thou keepst thy nest
Zara's no Incubus,
Nor thou a lazy Sas,
That thou art tardy thus,
thy Champions ready with his spear in rest
Ambo.

Then let the turn-pikes on my chin,
Take thy half-Moon Fortress in.

2.

Cupid (alas) does suck my best blood out,
I drop at heart as old wives drop at snout,
No Brescian Bear loves honey,
Or down-chin'd Miser money,
Better then I thy Con——

appear, bright saint, and cure my amorous
And let the turn-pikes, &c. [Gone.]

3.

Love has not onely drove his Peg
Through my heart, but through my leg,
After such dire assault,
Here do I make a halt,
for I was n're yet shun'd by Doll or Meg.
Let then the Turn-pikes, &c.

Though

4.

Though (Mars appointing so) I'm fram'd
of Iron,

And that strong barrs of steel my flesh in-
viron,

Though strung with stubborn wire,
I melt in thy Coal-fire,

Cupids strong Cuiraſiere

I am, then glorious Girl put thy Attire on.

Then let the Turn-pikes, &c.

5.

Be thou my Sea-born Venus, I will be
Thy Mars, thy Vulcan (I go limpingly)

Let me view thy ſilken Dog,

(Able to vanquiſh Gogmagog,)

I'll be thy Ape, be thou my clog,
to love, and not be lov'd, is miſery.

Then let the Turn-pikes, &c.

6.

Let's laugh, and leave this world behind,
And procreate till we are blind,

That Gods may view,

With a Dildo-doe,

What we bake, and what we brew,
yet our intrinſick fervour never find.

Then let the turn-pikes on my chin,

Take thy half-Moon Fortreſs in.

They

They had no sooner finished their Ditty, but behold Madam Gyllo (apparelled in a loose vestment, her haire bound up in a carnation Cawl, which excellently became her) appeared (like another Juliet ready to receive her beloved Romeo) on the Battlements, bearing in her hand a Pewter Vessel, containing the quantity of about three quarts of that (which like the Spider, she had extracted from her own bowels) she had on purpose procured for our Champions reception, and it appears (* if there be any truth in Tradition) it was the Ladies *Ordure* to precipitate any excrementious substance from that very window: The Champion and Soto greatly rejoyced to see this morning Star irradiate that Horizon, but were soon returned to their quondam dejection, when they found their ears unguented with warm water, well lanted with a viscous Ingredient; the Lady having accomplished her Archiement, returned to her place of rest, leaving Zara and Soto in the wildest wonder; nor let any (seeming) Soton tax their extasie, for even Alcides

or

* See Albertus
 tus Ajax, de
 Modo Cacan
 di, Tome 10.

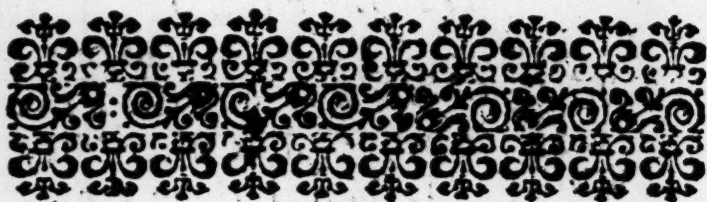
Chap. 6. *DE L FOGO.*

or *Achilles* had been the same sad ones, had *Briseis* or *Omphale* practised the like Complement; but after they had a long time busied their (new wrunced) eyes with gazing one upon another, like men dropt from the Clouds, and perceiving the Lady had left them, without probability of return, they (without speaking one to another, so vast was their amazement) retired to their Grove, their faces full of the ostents of shame and dolour.

End of the First Book.



Don

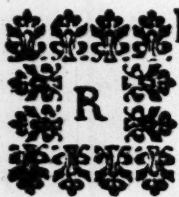


Don Zara del Fogo :

The second Book.

CHAP. I.

Zara's passionate Complaint against the Lady Gylo, and all her Sex in general. Soto mitigates his ire, they travel to Mount Mongibell, where he is munificently treated by Lamia the Witch.

eturned to their earth-wal'd
Citadell, the Champion
and Soto (like penitent Pilgrims) entered their Cave,
hardly refraining to bedew each others Aspects with briny drops ; Soto was the first that broke silence, who taking his Master by that hand made to pull up mighty Oaks, and pound prodigious Monsters and tyran-

tyrannous Tytans to attoms,* Let not my Lord, said he, tollerate this sourse of sorrow and griping grief to overwhelm him; we cannot, Sir, expound this enigma,* *Edipus* himself durst not enter the lists gainst this Sphynx, who knows but it may be the custome of this country for Ladies to treat their Lovers in this method; * *Womens actions are like their Wombs, not to be fathomed*; but we have no Oracle to resort to, no Temple of *Ammon* or *Cumean Cave*; for my part, I believe the Lady whom you are so vext at, is of too noble and generous a temper to welcom her Votarist with an affront, besides she seems no *Penthesilea*, no *Camilla*, or *Britomart*, that she should think her self of sufficient strength to Bulwark her Mansion, and all within from the Batt·ry of just vengeance, in case your warlike self should vow a devastation, there is therefore some Hyeroglyphicall Catastasis to be expected of this matter. Thou art (said the Champion a Traytor to my Honour, and a betrayer of that Repute which I have hitherto retain'd despite of Envy; Dost thou think this could be

* Soto his Oration.

* A Cunning man or a teller of Fortunes; this was he who told the old Earl of Essex that his Minstres should make him headless.

* Seneca.

* An Axiome
borrowed of
Lycophon.

be any other then a contumelious
Quip; * Love though he be blind can
smell, and though thy sence and scent
have forsaken thee at once, yet know
that Zara cannot be deluded into a
dull Heresie; henceforth I will abjure
the thought of that nefarious Nitro-
sulphureous Sex, I will finde some
Countrey where it shall be Felony to
acknowledge I ever lookt upon a
woman, and high Treason to say I
had a Mother; let who will protect
their persons, bolster up their beau-
ties, cringe to their commands, and
dye to do them service; Give me my
Arms, I will instantly demolish this
crazy Castle, and put all its Tenants
to the Sword, not sparing this very
woman, this vile woman, who has
most egregiously abused the truest and
Noblest Servant that ever laid leg o-
ver Lady. Soto perceiving that the
Hemisphere being so strangely clon-
ded, storms and tempests must inevi-
tably ensue, fell upon his knees, im-
bracing * the calves of the Champi-
ons legs, beseeching him for his sake
(his fidelious servant Soto) to miti-
gate his justly conceived displeasure,
and

* The more
to win upon
him; this
kind of po-
sture was u-
sed by all
suppliants of
old. See Cot-
tons Concord
lib 20. p 30.

and not to destroy whole Families for the foolish perpetration of one whose ignorance (as to his person and parts) might somewhat excuse her crime; and though it be true (said Soto) that in all Comedies more know the Clown, then the Clown knows, and though your Fame fill the Universe, this Lady yet may be one of those whose eares have not suckt in the report: For thy sake, said the Champion, I will spare these wretches, and inhume my intended Revenge; I confess I had been too bloody but for thee; thus the Pelean Youth was perswaded by his *Patroclus* to wire-draw the Fate of *Troy*; I do acknowledge my self a sworn servant to that sweet Sex, and (if with *Neoptolemus*) I had sacrificed this foolish Female to *Rhamnusia*, I could not have expiated the giddy crime without a tedious journey to *Paphos*; But let us leave this place, the Genius whereof (it seems) is an utter enemy to Errant Knighthood, he then mounted his prancing Palfrey, who fed not far off, putting on his shining Armour, and enveloping his head with a Cap of steel;

steel; *Soto* (having first repleated his Crib with ripe Dates, Almonds, and other fruits) had soon harnessed himself, and attended the motion of his Master, whose fretting soul occasioned the galling of *Founder-foots* sides, and *Soto's* sweat, for the Knight rode as some would run for their lives, like such another *Hotspur* as *Astolpho*, or *Rogero*, posting away from *Logestilla*; and how long this eager mood would have held him, Heaven knows, if his eyes had not clapt plummets upon his heels, when he beheld a * Mountain of an incredible altitude, for (like *Atlas* and *Olympus*) its head was hid in Clouds for many leagues upward, out of whose torrid entrails flaiks of fire (accompanied with most * hideous noyse) took flight to Heaven, towering in the troubled Ayre like so many ruin-portending Comets; these were no sooner vaded, but (with the same Thunder as before) stones farre bigger then those belonging to Meal-Mills, wer ejected with horrible fragours, able to have astonished any Mortal save *Zara*, who all un-moved, beheld this flaming heap, being a
great

* Read Sir
John Man-
devils Geo-
graphy, l 40.
And Purchas.
Pilgrimage,
Tome 100.
Tract. 10000.

* Perhaps the
howlings of
damned souls

great Naturall; and well versed in *Pliny*, and *Albertus Magnus*, but yet he would not dare his Destiny by an over-hardy intrusion to neer the skirts of this voluminous Excrecence, whose fiew were enough to perswade some that *Tellus* has formerly been a profound Tipler, and (to the immortal honor of good Fellowship) wears a rich face. The Champion had not long contemplated the mysterious, and not to be resolved * Riddles that trackless Nature exhibits, but he perceived a Grot (not thatcht, but covered over with blue slate, the outward walls seeming all of shining Glass, yet notwithstanding more hard then iron) on his left hand in an humble Valley, that lay about half a league from this fiery Mountain, * as if this lowly Grot would teach aspiring mankind, that to be safe is to shun the Mountains heights of greatnes, a thick smoak issued out of the top of this tennement, the infallible symptome of some Hospitable Inhabitant, hither our Champion addressed himself, with a resolve to rest for some minutes, but knocking at the door with the pum-

* See *Aristotles Problems*, *Erra Pater*, and *unheard of Curiosities*.

* Sentence borrowed out of *Greens groatsworth* of w. s. p. 10.

"These were
once very
proper men,
but now
Metamor-
phosed by
this Circe
into Beasts.

mell of his Sword, and calling to those (in all probability) within, he received no answer, onely the courteous door of it self opened, as inviting him to enter, which he did, Soto following him; the first thing he beheld was a kind of Pen, or punee Prison, but far stronger then those the Brittish Shepheards immure their Flocks in, in it were included a great number of (seeming) * Dogs, Wolvs, Badgers, Foxes, Apes, and Monkeys, who upon the Champions approach manifested all the signs of Amity, the Dogs wagged their tayles and friskt upon him, the Wolvs lickt his hands, the Badgers crouched at his feet, the foxes (throwing away all the wiliness) became his real suppliants; Apes danced antick meerly to make him mirth, & the Monkeys (in the language of the face and the eye) made many protestations of sincere service: Zara was something amazed at this strange (yet auspicious) entertainment from creatures whom he had never before convers'd with: what would have amated others, animated him; and that which so others had been * Latbe, to him was

was *Helens* potion; nor was he so bestial, but to take notice of the courtesie of these creatures whom he complemented peculiarly, with so winning a garb, that though Oratory were wanting, their silence spake more then some could have uttered with all the ornaments of Rhetorical Elocution: Passing these, he came to a door which he found fast lockt, but peeping thorow the Key-hole, he perceived where a Lady of excellent beauty was sitting by a fire made of the roots of Fir, sorting heaps of herbs, a Girdle (borrowed from the head of a *Hyena*) full of Magical Characters about her waste, her Rod, Staff, and other implements of Sorcery stood by her on a Table of Absterfiv Ebony, and about her head (with such a noyse of Bees commonly make when they conglomerate) flew millions of * Batts, Dorrs, & Butter-flyes:

This Lady was no other then the Enchantress *Lamia*, a woman insatiably luxurious, insomuch that no Traveler that way, of what degree or condition soever, could escape her; those that refused to accompany her, she

* These were Devils no doubt, who Complemented *Lamia* in such shapes. See Bodin de Bullibus, lib. 2^o

immediately turned into beasts, appointing them perpetuall captivity; this wicked Witch knowing by her Art, that *Don Zara* should about this time visit Mount *Mongibell*; she (as was her constant manner upon the like occasion) transformed her self (at other times a meer *Mægera*, the very Emblem of deformity, and the compendium of a Chaos) into a most beauteous shape; *Don Zara* must be the *Ulysses* whom this *Circe* will admit to her imbraces, and now perceiving his approach she commanded her ill-mannerd door to give him ingress, and her self rising from her Chair gave him that welcom which denoted the high esteem she had of him; her Menial Train (which were all * Statues of Marble, bearing the figures of untoucht Virgins) yielded him homage; an Ivorie Chair of its own accord branching it self beneath his buttocks, where he was no sooner seated, but a Table richly furnished with rare Vyands and sweet Wines opposed it self to his view, the Marble bodied Maidens waiting obsequiously and filling forth the Wine with much agility.

* These Damsels were created by *Demidus*, whose Statues (as *Plato* affirms) would walk and shew many fine tricks.

agility. *Soto* (at the appointment of the Chantress) sat down also, but he who had noted the gogling of his eyes (roving up and down as if he meant to muster all the varieties in the room) would have concluded him a Puppet, whose every part found motion upon wire: The Champion as was his usuall guise) fed rapaciouly, and so gave *Lamia* good hope of his strenuous activity when *Venus* should make proof of his procreative part; the eating humour being over (grasping a vast Goblet in his hand, whereon was pourtrayed the History of *Io*, being turned into a white Cow, the great *Jupiter* Bulling her) he drank a deep health to the Inchantresse; Most excellent Lady, I now celebrate your Highness health with as true a heart as ever I came from Schoole; This said, he exhausted the steeple Bowl with such vigorous velocity, that *Lamia* could not but be astonished at the worthinesse of the man; Sir, quoth she, you are Master of all those wayes that win most upon us women; but I cannot but wonder at the bravery of your brain that can

brook such torrents as these: Sweet Lady, quoth the Champion, I always drink with the same courage that I use to cleave those Helms that are thought Thunder-proof.

[in't,

*Fill me a Bowl, that I may bathe my head
And rise like Phœbus in the East,
Shaking my dewy locks ———*

This said, he kiss the Inchantress with such ardency, as he would have eaten her lips off, who very patiently permitted him to dwell upon those Twin-Cherries, and sometimes to practise what good *Rogero* and *Alcyna* once experimented, when their Tongues became insoul'd, as *Sampsons* Foxes were inchain'd.

CHAP.



CHAP. II.

Soto courts Lapida. The Inchantress turns him into a Horse. She raises the Ghost of Hercules, whom Zara encounters with, and is knockt down. He is extremely enraged, but at length appeased by Lamia, who recreates his senses with many rare sports and pastimes.

WHile his Master was thus Billing, it had been shame for Soto to sit as a Mute, or whistle upon his thumbs ends, when so many beauteous Objects (as it were) offered themselves to his imbraces; therefore (after Solemnization of the Health) he rose up, and addressed himself to *Lapida* (the fairest and most portly of all the Attendant Nymphs) * Most pellucid Paragon, quoth hee, whose Fulgor famishes the Fame of **HERO, HELEN,**

or *Hebe*; vouchsafe most illustrious morsell of Maids flesh, to accept of Squire *Soto* his service, chief Chamberlain and sole Secretary to the magnanimous and munificent *Don Zara del Fogo*, whose body and soul shall cringe to thy commands; *Lapida* returned him no answer, save what her Virgin blushes afforded, which animated *Soto* to a neerer approach, folding his finewy arms about her slender waste, and clinging close to her coral lips, which occasioned many mops and mowes from the other Marble Maidens, and caused *Lapida* to desert his desired imbraces with a cloudy brow: *Soto* being thus shaken off, returned to his quondam station, finding his Master in deep discourse with the Inchantress, who (at his request) informed him, That (those her Hand-Maids vvere the legitimate issue of *Pigmalion*, vvhom (though the ancient Bards knew it not) the compassionate Gods (pittyng *Pigmalions* sufferance) graciously trans-elemented, furnishing her with the finest flesh, and all other Feminie endowments. I perceive Madam (said *Zara*) that
your

o *Pigmalion* proved to have had issue by his Marble Mistress, a rare piece of antiquity, hitherto not made publick.

your bright self can bring marvelous things to pass by your occult perpetrations, I was once so bewicht that I could not shite, till two or three Candles ends were thrust up —; Pray Madam, give your servant to know what miraculous things may be effected by Inchantments: I will not hide from thee (my dearest *Zara*) said the *Soceres*,* that by the potency of my Spells, and Incantations, I can take off the top of *St. Marks Steeple in Venice*, and clap it upon *St. Peters in Rome*, I can contract the Elements, and, (but that I would not destroy this goodly Mass of things) jumble all to its originall Chaos; I can seclude *Æolus* and his sons in a Hawking-bag. I can turn the tide of *Tygris* or *Nyle*, cloath the Earth with Flowers, the Trees with leavs, & the Fields with verdure; in the midst of winter I can call down *Luna* when I list from her sphere, give life to the dead, and death to the living; Metamorphose men into beasts, and beasts into men; cause Thunder and Lightning, Blasting and Mildews, Storms and Tempests, Earth-quakes & Water-quakes, demol-

* The Inchantress declares what wondrous things may be done by Witchcraft; a fine story, and undoubtedly true, having been an Article of faith in all former Ages, and believed by very wise men of our time.

demolish the stoutest Structures by
 land, and the goodly Vessels by Sea
 with a nod: having thus spoken, she
 called *Soto* unto her, and taking *Zara*
 by the hand, she said, That thou maist
 have prooffe of my abilities, and that
 thou art respected by her who can
 countermand the counsels of the
 Gods, behold the transmutation of
 thy Squire; With that, rising up, she
 waived her Wand three times over
Soto's scull, thrice she turned unto the
 East, & as many times unto the West,
 mumbling over some mysterious Mat-
 tens, till *Soto* by degrees * was tran-
 shaped into a goodly Steed, who sha-
 king his crested main, and pawing on
 the pavement, neighed aloud, like a-
 nother *Phobos* or *Dimos*, insomuch that
 the Champion (had not the love he
 bare to his servant overcome his hasty
 wishes) could have been contented
 that *Soto* should have continued in
 that shape, *Founder-foot* being turned
 to grass to the wide world: *Soto* had
 not long proved himself a perfect
 prauncing Palfray, but the courteous
 Inchantress restored him to his pri-
 stine shape, to the Champions excee-
 ding

* *Soto's Me-
 tamorphosis.*

ding contentment, but to *Soto's* extreme dejection, who never after that could (faithfully) fancy himself any other save a very beast: This business over, the Inchantress willing to delight the Champion, demanded of him which of the ancient Worthies (*Goliath, Judas Maccabeus, &c.*) he had most mind to behold; I would fain feast my eyes, quoth he, with perusing the person of that monster-taming *Hercules*, the son of *Jupiter* and *Alcmena*, he that made no more of a Lion then of an *Izeland* Cur, who wielded Mountains as Pibbles, drew *Cacus* out of his Den by the heels, and demollished mighty Cities with a flip of his finger: The Champion had scarce spoke, but a Tree sprang up, * whose top almost touched the Clouds, its broad branches were laden with Apples of Gold, most radiant to the eye, about whose body a Dragon (of an un-measured greatness) twined it selfe, evomorating flames of fire mingled with hail-stones of an incredible magnitude, *Hercules* had soon vanquished the Dragon, wrything his neck with as much dexterity,

* By this it appears that the Roof was not vaulted.

terity as a Poulterer would spoil the cackling of a *Brittish* Hen : the Champion (though dehorted from it by the Inchantress) would needs salute this noble Shade, but received a very rough return of his Congratulation ; for *Alcides* very rudely smote him on the head with his huge Club, so that he sank to the ground as dead, wallowing up and down, as their manner is, who are suddenly surprized with fits of the Mother, or (*Hercules* his own disease) the Falling-sickness : *Alcides* having done this scathe, slipt away very slily, leaving the Champion (almost soul-less) sprawling upon the Floor : *Soto* was in an extream Agony for his Master : *Lamia* was grieved and her Hand-Maids heavie, but the Inchantress soon recovered him by watering his Visnomy with her warm Urine (the customary way (it seems) of that Countrey to revive the enfeebled) which not onely illuminated his dim eyes, but circumgyring about his weasand, enforced him to a manly neese, so that within a little time (to their great comfort) he sate up, calling for some Wine,

Wine, which being brought, he drank a hearty draught to the Inchantress, though one might perceive (with half an eye) wrath and disdain in Capitall Characters on his front; which *Lamia* perceiving, administered this Julip to allay his fiery Choller.

Sir, quoth she, I perceive your soul sits heavy on its strings (wounded with dolour for *Hercules* his rigid contumacie, and that your heart has entered into Covenant with your hands (justly intraged to be shaken in pieces by a shaddow) to inflict a sudden and severe Revenge; but know (most redoubted Champion) that Spirits are of a substance altogether impenetrable, and your anger cannot dilate it self to a deserved punishment; how much did I dehore you from so dangerous att Attempt; but the best on't is, your Sun-like Fame cannot be Ecclipsed by this Interpositon; for you were not felled by a Gyant, but a Goblin; by a Don, but a Dæmon; not by *Achilles*,
but

but by *Alcides* himselfe; O Heaven,
 said the Champion (pointing to
 the place where he was knoct down)
 that what neither man nor Monster
 durst to have put in practice, should
 be consummated by a paltrey Spectar,
 a subteranean shade, and ayerie Incu-
 bus; O *Alcides*, that thy soul were in
 flesh, that I might grasp thy Gygan-
 tick bulk betwixt my mighty arms;
 thou shouldst finde me no * *Anteus*, or
Acbelous; but I powr out my plaints
 to the vacant Ayre, and fruitlessly
 deplore a helpless ill. *Lamia* (whose
 privie parts melted in the Paphian
 fire) purposing to put a period to
 the good Knights grief, by the potent
 vigour of her *Thessalian* Art, called
 up the Ghosts of * *Orpheus* and *Am-
 phion*, who playing upon their hea-
 venly Harps, made most dulcid me-
 lody; Then entered *Flora*, accom-
 panid with a drove of *Dryades* (clad
 in green, their heads encircled with
 Flowery Anadems) who hand in
 hand danced the Spanish way, to the
 Champions unspeakeable Content-
 ment; By this time the Sunne was
 sunk

* Two sturdy
 Wrestlers.

* Two fa-
 mous Fld.
 igs.

lunk near his Evening Region, to
Glauca's infinite joy, who thought
each minute an Age, till she had
tasted those Oily sweets (which she
resolved to retalliate with Amber-
Suds) that every Errant Knight pro-
strates at the Port-Cullis of his Pa-
ramour.



CHAP.





CHAP. III.

Lamia and the Champion are transported through the Ayre in a Charriot drawn by two flying Dragons, to the Vale of Vassalage. The manner how Witches wed themselves to the Devil. They visit Charons house, where they find his Wife Fatua at her Huswifery. Charons Canticle. They pass over the River Styx, coming to the very gates of Barathrum, where they hear Pluto's Proclamation.



*Lamia lay naked in her Bed,
and Zara's self lay by,
Upon his flesh she fiercely fed,
more sweet then Pork or Pye, &c.*

OUR Champion and his beauteous Mistris were no sooner seclused in the filken walls of a rich bed, but he performed those rites due to those twin-Goddeses, *Concupiscentia* and *Cytherea*, while Soto (like a faithfull Squire)

Squire) accommodated *Founder-foot* with Fodder, and other conveniences, hanging up his Master Armour, his Sword, Mace, and other Martiall properties (as he hoped) in the *Acænall* of *Janus*; for though *Soto* could willingly brook the brunt of a Bickering, the fatallity of a Fight, and the consternation of a Combat, yet he was no foe to a tranquillious subsistence, no peace-hater, or profest enemy to * *Comus*. Having disposed of all things most methodically, he departed to his bed with much griefe (Heaven knows) that what his Master presided, could not be his example.

* *Soto's* *Ed*
log c.

* A famous
fat Cook,
canonized
by Pope
Sylvester
the 22 after
he had bin
worshipped
many Ages
by the
Greeks with
divine Ho-
nours. See
Cooks In-
stit. Tome
30. p. 1003.

Return we now to our thrice-Re-nowned Knight, and his Spel-charming Associate, the courteous *Lamia* who having reciprocally recreated themselves almost to a surfeit, suffered *Somnus* to make prize of their senses, Doing causes *Drowziness*: But they had not slept six hundred minutes ere *Lamia* call'd to mind, what till then was slipt from her memory, viz. the hour of meeting her Sisterhood in the Vale of *Vasalage* (so called, for that

in this swarthy Grot the Inchantress and her co-partners did Homage to the King of Flames) she threw her self out of the bed with such violence, that the Champion awaked, and desiring his Dear to give him the cause of her so impetuous arrivall; she answered, My dear Servant, it is no time now to use prolix Narrations, please to desert the bed, you shal soon know the cause why I left you. *Zara* (who was now as true a Lover as ever offered Incense to *Aphrodite*) soon obeyed his Mistris commands, and was presently (as already she had served her self) Anointed, from head to foot with an Unguent, whose favor might aptly be compar'd to that *Chymical Dew extracted from the dung of an Infant; this done, they adorned their bodies with the same weeds worn the day before, and then *Lamia* (having girded her Magicall Cincture about her waste) approached the Hearth, where (by the wondrous operation of her Art) the fire was never extinct, the immortall Flame deriving its pedigree from that Cælestiall un-extinguishable Brand which was born before

• Olemi
sordidum
Infantium.
See Culpeper
pers Dispens
sary, p. 100

fore the mighty *Darius*, when he marched against little great *Alexander*, to make proof which of them two merited the Worlds moytie; Into this fire she flung a great many poysonous Weeds, which (with a rusty knife) she had lately cropped on Mount *Caucasus*, and other Cambrian Promontories before the break of day; to this she added * the entrails of those ominous Birds, the Owl and hoarse Night-Raven, blended with red Storax, and the blood of a Lapwing, the shavings of a Shooing-horn, the feathers of a Salamander, the cry of a Mandrake, and the tongue of a Jews-Harp; this done, she entred her Orbicular Goale (taking the Champion with her, who stood trembling all the time, and let none marvell if the most Magnanimous man living be appalled at the approach of Devils, there being no greater Antipathy to be imagined, then between a terrestriall substance, and an Inhabitant of *Orcus*) making the very basis of this vast Ball to totter with her first Accents, repeating this coercive Charm:

* See Doctor
Lambs A.
phorisms,
lib 2. tract.
17. Aphor.
1000000.

* The Reader must
take heed
that he read
not this
Charm ei-
ther in pri-
vate with
his face East
by North
when the
winds are
high, or af-
ter Sun set.

* Great Heccate, Restresse of shades,
Plashey Grots, and gloomy Glades.

Neptunes never-failing Friend,
Whom Night-Goblins do attend:

Flitting from their Ponds and Lakes,
From myrie Boggs, and thorny Brakes.

By whose beams (when Sol's away)
Span-long Infants sport and play.

By the Lapland Hags hoarse hum,
And great Demogorgons Drum.

By the Mandrakes killing cry,
And the Owls harsh melody.

By Alecto's Snaky Twine,
And the Tyre of Proserpine.

By fiery Phlegeton and Styx,
And Puck-Hayries Genetrix.

Lest I ding thee down to Hell
(By the vigour of my Spell)

Ayde, O ayde my great desires,
By those ever-wandering Fires,

That lead Travailleurs astray
All the night, till break of day.

This

This potent, and never-equall'd
 Incantation (dangerous to be ittera-
 ted by the Reader in an audible tone)
 was no sooner uttered by the Inchan-
 tress, but it tonitruated horribly,
 fulminating promiscuously from all
 parts of the troubled Hemisphere, the
 Earth was shaken with an Ague fit,
 huge Oaks were torn up by the roots,
 and strong Structures levell'd with
 the ground, when behold a Chariot
 (seeming all of fire) drawn by a cou-
 ple of Comets in the shapes of Dra-
 gons, received *Lamia* and the Cham-
 pion, who travail'd through the ayr
 till they came to the Vale of *Vassal-
 lage*, where allighting, they found
 the mighty Monarch of *Gebenna* (* his
 bulk like some huge Mountain hor-
 ned like a Goat, his feet resembling
 Serpents, two rows of Teeth, each
 longer then the Mast of a Ship,)
 sitting beneath a Cypresse Tree, to
 whose Trunk (as his manner al-
 wayes was) he turned his prodigi-
 ous face, allowing all, or most part of

* The de-
 scription of
 the Devill,
 according
 to the fre-
 quent con-
 fessions of
 Witches &
 Sorcerers.

* The same
with that of
Pasquil, de
legibus lib.
30 claw a
Churle (i.e.
the Devil)
by the Arse
he'l shite in
your hand.

his back parts only to be kissed, which all there (with most humble obedience) saluted, and then with a joynt Acclamation (crying * *Har, Har,*) they joyned in an Antick Dance; which finished, each Sorceress had the fruition of her Incubus, *Lamia* not excepted, which exceedingly stirred the Champions choller; After this, they sat down to feast, the Earth, Ayr, and Seas being plundered of its Inhabitants, to satiate these Sorgerous wretches; the Champion (who never gave his Teeth cause to curse his Tardity) fed with the formost, but the spight was, the eating time being over, he could not mix with the rest in the Coranto; for the truth was, our Champions Parents were no Courtiers, nor himself ever acquainted with the nice Puntilloes of Kings Pallaces; All being vanished on a sudden, our Knight and *Lamia* were left alone, who preparing to take Coach in order to their Journey homeward, the couragious *Don* grasping his Mistris snowy hand, thus divulg'd himself:

So many and so great (most mellifluous

Chap. 3. *DEL FOGO.*

87

fluorous Madam) have those favours bin
extended to me your worthless Ser-
vitor, that were my head stuffed with
the wit of *Hermes*, my fore-head deck-
ed with the branches of *Pan*, my eyes
irradiated with the fulgency of *Sol*,
my cheeks adorned with the Roses of
Ganymede, my nose still running with
divine *Nepenthe*, my lipps qualified
with a Carnation tincture, my teeth
of that very Ivory which pieced up
the shoulder of *Pelops*, my beard the
Beefsome of heaven, my neck a Phari-
an Tower, my shoulders bearing up
the world with *Atlas*, my arms sphea-
ring the Earth, my hands graiping
both Poles, my belly more big then
the Tun at *Heildebergh*, my thighs
strutting like a Rhodian Colufs, my
legs supporters of the Globe, and my
feet like those of *Erichtonius*, yet I
could never be Master of such a Gra-
titude as might refun'd the fixtieth
part of your incomparable indulgen-
cy; adde but one more to all your
past favours, and make me eternally
yours. I have heard that *Ulyffes* and

Aeneas, * I will not name *Hercules*, (the
true Types of me) had the happiness

* Remember
bring his as
front, chap. 3

to visit that dark Dungeon where the damned dwell, and to have commerce with those Ætherial souls that dance together in the Elifian Shades, and yet returned (safe and sound) to their terrestrial abodes; I would fain know what is done in the other World, though I have no ambition to injure any there, or (with *Hercules*) to captivate *Cerberus*.

That you may know (said *Lamia*) what an immense power you have over me (though the Adventure be dreadfull and dangerous) you shall have the fruition of your desires, be sure you enjoyn your tongue the strictest silence; this said, she and the Champion re-entered their Charriot, being transported over Woods, Cities, Seas, Villages, and tops of tall Steeples, and in a trice arrived at that very place where (after solemn Sacrifice to his Mothers soul) *Ulysses* began his Progress to *Pluto's* Monarchy; here they disburthened their Carpoach, and the Inchantress taking *Zara* by the hand, departed down a pair of winding stayres, having no light save a
kind

kind of dusky glimmering, such as some call Twi-light; the bellowing of black Rivers and shrieking of Furies made a dreadfull diapason, to which was added a pestilential smel as of Brimstone, Naptha, &c. They travelled so long down these stayres, that *Zara* (who now repented his rash option) imagined himself con-centred in the Earth, and now they beheld an exceeding high Wood, whose top seemed to touch the Clouds, every Tree had its branches laden with a kind of swarthy Fruit resembling Cucumbers, each of them including a damned soul, who were incessantly tormented in the bowels of these Cucumbers; without hope of Infranchisement: Having past this Wood, they arrived at the very brink of the River *Styx*, whose dark waves evaporated a thick smoak; here they found *Charons* Boat (with onely one Oar in it) fastned to part of that Cottage where the grisly *Ferriman* resided, but no Boat-man to be met with; the occasion of *Charons* absence was this, *Pluto* had newly married his eldest daughter *Tenebrosa* to the great Duke

Mara-

Marathon, whose Territories extended from *Phlegeton* to the Lake *Avernus*, having under his command sixty Legions ; and this wither'd Waterman had imployment as Pilot in *Pluto's* chief Galeon, to convey the Princely pair and their Retinew over *Acheron* to their own Dominions; the Inchantress was extreemly vexed to find *Charon* a non-resident, insomuch that she was once resolved to punish Hell and Heaven, as culpable of a contumacy, when behold *Charons* Consort (*Fatua*) a Matron of much gravity, and daughter to *Chaos* and *Nox*, fell at the Inchantress feet, beseeching her not to be offended at her husbands absence, relating that his Prince had summoned his service, withall intreating her to approach her homely Mansion; *Lamia* and the Champion were not shie to enter this homely Pavillion, where they found a candid Reception from the aged *Fatua*, who upon their entrance threw a kind of Gum into the fire (made of a kind of Pumice, much resembling the British Turf) by vertue whereof, the Room where they were seemed more luminous

nous then the House of Sol, they received celestiall Visions, and fancied themselves equal with the Gods, they had not long injoyed this beatificall Vision, but they heard the aged Ferimans voyce, who sang the following Canticke, walking upon the Surges.

S O N G.

1.

Foolish Mortalls (*fed with Pap*)
 (*Sporting in cold Tellus lap*)
Alwayes scraping, alwayes scoring,
Alwayes drinking, alwayes whoring,
you spend your lives,
with wag-tayl'd Wives,
While the subrill Syrens rock ye,
Till your proud flesh make ye pockey.
Driving Acres down your Gullets,
Till you dine with butter'd Bullets,
Drink and drab, study and stare on,
You must all conclude with Charon.

2.

Wash your throats with Wine and Warr,
The Gods made man to make them sport;
Nay can ye ere be called men,
Though ye write threescore and ten;
Y^e are

*Y'are leaden Daddies,
To light Ladies,*

*Ships floating on a Sea of Gliss,
The Stagerite was but an Ass.*

*Drink and drab, study and stare on,
You must all conclude with Charon.*

* Sentence.

* He is very oblivious that knows not this old mans name See Apuleius his Golden Calf, li. 6. p 12.

By this time the grey-bearded Oarman had gained his Hive, and with a chearfull hum saluted *Lamia* and the Champion after his rustick manner, who returned him more Complementall Retribution: The Inchantress had no need to inform him of her design, * *None ever toucht the Strond of Styx, but they ballasted Charons Boat*: wherefore taking leave of *Fatua*, they immediately Imbarqued themselves, the tough old Siegnior (having been well feasted in the Court of *Pluto*) tugg'd at the Oare like any Terrestriall Barge-man against Wind and Tide; but by that time they were half way over *Styx*, they espyed an aged * person all naked,

ked, of a venerable Aspect (very neer them) crying out for help, for that he was in danger of drowning: The Champion (moulded of a noble mind) was proffering him his hand, had not *Lamia* hindered him, who related unto him briefly what this old man was, and how inevitable a ruine had ensued, in case he had afforded him aide; ere her Caution found period, they were within sight of shoar, where they landed, giving *Charon* his usuall Sallary, who (wondering what Mister Wights these were, since he had not above thrice before had experience of the like) took his leave with more Ceremony then usuall, and returned to his Wherry.

The place where the Sorcerers and our Champion now were, seemed a Marish ground, or rather a perfect Quagmire over-grown with blasted Reeds, and withered Sedge, yet of so solid a surface, that they trampled as upon *Scythian* Ice; being past this Bog, they presently came to the
very

very Gates of *Barathrum*, fashion'd of burnisht Brass, which (contrary to Ancient and Modern belief) were fast locked, for that the God of Ghosts had lately made Proclamation.

Hato's Pro-
clamation.

FOrasmuch as our Brother Jupiter, King of Heaven (minding chiefly his peculiar interest and self-glorie) daily Delegates numberless multitudes of the more leproous, turbulent, and fractious sort of souls for our Territories, to the disturbance of our Wealth, and apparant Assassination of our Monarchy, while we are in daily danger of debonizing by the malevolent combinations of cursed spirits; These are therefore to will and command you Cerberus, our chiefe Porter in ordinary, with the assistance of Our trusty and well-beloved Minos, Lord chief Justice of Tartarus, that none of what condition or qualitie soever, be permitted to passe as Pilgrims, or otherwise) into our Dominions, that shall not be able to render an account of their good behaviour

habour in the upper World, and willingly take the Oath of Allegiance and Supremacy: This you are not to fail at your utmost perill;

Witness our Self, at *Ætna*.

The horrid clamours that were heard within, made the Champion with himself in that very Cave again, where the Bear baited him; But there is no receding now; * *He who sets* ^{Sentence} *his foot upon Hells Threshold, shall be enforced to enter the house.*



CHAP.



CHAP. IV.

The Inchantress and Sara visit the innermost parts of Hell. A description of the various torments inflicted on the damned, till now not known. Thence they pass to Elizium, where they find all in uproar, and return to Lamia's abode.

Lamia and the Champion had returned without their errand, had not *Minos* (who knew the Inchantress knock) commanded *Cerberus* to paw open the Gates, yet though the Judge were a great honourer of *Lamia* and the Champion, he durst not permit them to pass on till they had taken the * Oath, and signed the Instrument; which done, they had free emission: Then the Inchantress again anointed her self and *Zara* (with an Unguent far different from the former) that so they might walk upon red hot Irons, tread on fiery Serpents, and (if need were) wade through Rivers of Boiling Lead untouched; she also (for the pre-

* I A. B See
Cornel A-
grippa his
Occult Phi-
losophy. Or
Tullies love
written by
the Master
of Art.

preservation of his person, though to the torture of his tongue) boared a hole with her Bodkin quite thorow that garulous nerve, which Nature (very politickly) had secluded in * Ivory grates, which made him bleate like one burned for swearing, drawing a Ribband of a Sea-green colour thorow the Orifice, which tyed a true * loves Knot so amply, that a gag could not have given better security to the Sheriff-for a Pilloriz'd Factionist; This done, they beheld all that erring Mortalls so much discourse of and so little know; but the Devill a *Tyitius*, *Tantalus*, or *Ixion* were there; *Sisiphus* indeed was sitting upon his Stone very melancholly, a bowl of boyling liquor before him, which he often sipt on, but very charily for fear of scalding his chaps, it seemed no other then an absterfive Posset, curdled with shavings of Ebony, *Nero*, *Heliogabalus*, *Caligula*, *Comodus*, *Basilides*, *Mezentius*, and a thousand other Tyrants branded by antiquity, were there, yet neither broyling in blue flames, nor fishing for Salamanders in fiery Rivers; but what was

* By this it is evident that the Champion was not toothless.

* The Emblem of Lammia's affliction.

H

worse,

* In a wicker basket
with three
legs.

worse, Nero was Cobling of shooes, Heliagabalus and Caligula were busie at the Forge, Commodus crying (like any Costermonger) * Pippins eight pence the hundred, Basilides and Mezentius (sweating under their burthens) were carrying sacks of Coals into Pluto's Kitchen; such like punishments were inflicted on Phalaris, the Syccilian brethren, and others.

The Inchantress and Zara made all the haste they could from this dreadful Den, and are now arrived in the Elizian Shades.

*Where are no Locusts, nor six-footed Lice,
Bat Popin-jays, and Birds of Paradise,
Plump youths with backsom maids do what
they please,
And never fear the fatal French disease.*

* viz. Phaeton, Bremio, Borachio, Brunello, Boreo, Eodino.
See the Muses Interpr.

Here they found fix of Sols * Sons (begotten on Climine) making perpetuall day, not seated in Chariots, or forced to use the Whip as their aged father Phœbus, but walking up and down, or sitting, as best sorted with the society of those sublime Soules, who inhabited this thrice-happy place;

place; not a shrub here but breathed odours, the bounteous soyl was clothed all over with Roses and Lillies, Fruits as fair, as fragrant of taste, offered themselves to be pluckt by any consecrated hand, *Vultur* was incessantly active in plundering the Ocean of its perfumes, which he unladed here, fanning whole piles of Sabeen Gums and Syrian Spices, with his purpled Plumes, till these blessed ones were enveloped with Aromatick Clouds: no Female, here, is branded with that egregious epithete of *Whore* and *Strumpet*, for all women are in common, onely they boast not the act of Generation, for then *Jupiter* must enlarge his *Elizium*; but (as if these two had brought * *Ate* along with them) there hapned such a business amongst these blessed ones this day, as had not been known in thirty thousand years before, for *Ajax Telamon* (by the instigation of *Thiristes*, a fellow as much mis-shapen of mind as body) had upbraided *Ulysses* with cowardize in the *Grecian Warre*, and (which all *Lethe* could not make him forget) that he attained *Achilles Armor*.

* A woman of a harsh tumultuous temper, a broacher of brawls and fomenter of quarrels. See Valquer de Belin, a. tio.

rather by odious connivance then by
oraculous Eloquence; upon this the
Trojan Worthies congregated in heaps
led by their old Chieftain *He^llor*, and
the *Greeks* appeared in great bodies,
under conduct of *Achilles*, so that all
Elizium was in uproar, while (as if
to powr Oyl upon the fire) another
brawl was newly broached among the
Gown-men, *Homer* having smote *Hesiod*
on the head very grievously, for
boasting behind his back, that himself
was in all respects his Rivall, *Pindar*,
Stesichorus, *Coluthus*, *Lychopron*, took
part with *Homer*; but *Moschus*, *Bion*,
Theocritus and *Anacreon* were for *Hesiod*;
this was no sooner bruited a-
broad, but it gave occasion to *Statius*
to vaunt himself equall with *Virgil*,
as if *Adrastus* were co-equall with *Æ-*
neas; here was a new matter for *Lu-*
cretius, *Lucan*, *Ovid*, and *Horace* decla-
red themselvs point blank for *Virgil*;
Propertius, *Catullus*, *Martiall*, and *Per-*
seus took part with *Statius*, so that
there was like to be fighting on all
hands; the *Greeks* divided under *Ho-*
mer and *Hesiod*, and the *Latines* under
Virgil and *Statius*, and it had been
well

well, had the horror (like to ensue) made a halt her, for the fire of Emulation burnt fiercely in every angle of this Paradise; the Brittish Bards (forsooth) were also ingaged in quarrel for Superiority; and who think you, threw the Apple of Discord amongst them, but *Ben Johnson*, who had openly vaunted himself the first and best of English Poets; this Brave was resented by all with the highest indignation, for *Chawcer* (by most there) was esteemed the Father of English Poesie, whose onely unhappines it was, that he was made for the time he lived in, but the time not for him: *Chapman* was wondrously exasperated at *Bens* boldness, and scarce refrained to tell (his own *Tale of a Tub*) that his *Isabel* and *Mortimer* was now compleated by a Knighted Poet, whose soul remained in Flesh; hereupon *Spencer* (who was very busie in finishing his *Fairy Queen*) thrust himself amid the throng, and was received with a showt by *Chapman*, *Harrington*, *Owen*, *Constable*, *Daniel* and *Drayton*, so that some thought the matter already decided; but behold

* Henry 4.
his Poet
Lawreat,
who wrote
disguises for
the young
Princes.

Shakespeare and *Fletcher* (bringing with them a strong party) appeared, as if they meant to water their Bayes with blood, rather then part with their proper Right, which indeed *Apollo* & the Muses (had with much justice) conferr'd upon them, so that now there is like to be a trouble in Triplex; * *Skelton*, *Gower*, and the Monk of *Bury* were at Daggers-drawing for *Chawcer*; *Stencer* waited upon by a numerous Troop of the best Book-men in the World; *Shakespeare* and *Fletcher* surrounded with their Life-Guard, Viz. *Goffe*, *Massinger*, *Decker*, *Webster*, *Sucklin*, *Cartwright*, *Carew*, &c. O ye *Pernassides*! what a curse have ye cast upon your Helliconian Water-Bailiffs? that those whose Names (both Sir and Christen) are filed on Fames Trumpet, and whom Envy cannot wound, shall now perish by intestine Discord, and home-bred Diffention? While these stirres were on foot *Pythagoras*, *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Plotinus*, *Epicurus*, *Empedocles*, *Anaxagoras*, *Anaximander*, *Chrysippus*, *Epicteus*, *Zeno*, *Aristotle*, &c. both *Perapateticks*, *Stoicks*, *Epicureans*, and all the
(some-

(sometime) discordant Sects of Philosophers (being now all of one self-same opinion, *Diogenes* excepted, who could by no means be won to a compliance) were all seated in the School of **Scepticus*, not ashamed to learn this in the *Ætheriall*, which they trampled upon in the *Terrestriall* world: while they were giving diligent attention here, the gap grows wider, and open Warre is almost proclaimed by the busie ones of *Elizium*, but the clement Gods would not suffer so dire a catastasis, for *Hermes* entering the Lists, threw down his War-der, summoning the incensed Bards to *Phœbus* Tribunall. there to render an account of this wild action; the Ring-leaders of the Greeks and Trojans (almost by the ears about *Ajax* his business) *Cylenus* arrested with his *Caducifer*, warning them forthwith to appear before *Mars*, to answer this prodigious contempt of his Power and Sovereignty, for he being the God of Swords and Salt-Peter, challenges the sole Superiority (as well over the brawling wives of *Belinsgate* as the Subburbian *Hectors*)

who taught
that there
was no po-
wer but that
of the sword
See Arise
Evans Pro-
phesies.

both for the creating, carrying on, and composure of all quarrells from the Irish Skeyn to the Scottish Dagger. This sullen Hemisphere is now serene again, and the more peacefull Souls discarded of their Anxieties; the Inchantress gave little regard to the (new-appeased) Garboyles, but the Champion took great pleasure in their perusall, wishing a prolix date to their dire distemper; by this time they arrived neer the brink of a broad River, whose waves were of a greenish colour, but full of speckled Serpents, with faces like women, & tayls like * *Vesuvius*; this was that plashcy Purpatory where *Clitemnestra*, *Semiramis*, *Phedra*, *Modea*, *Agave*, *Myrba*, *Canace*, &c. were eternally tortured, the manner of the torment thus, twice every day they beheld (as they were chaine'd to their torrid Pillers) a troop of beauteous young men, all naked with * vast-siz'd Genitalls, sitting at a Table furnished with all sorts of delicates, and after their repast dancing most gracefully, to the tune of *Dido* the hapless Queen of *Carthage*, whom *Lamia* and *Zara* would fain have blest their

* A hot hill
in America.

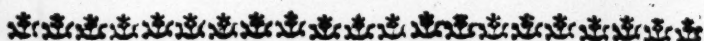
* These tor-
ments must
needs be in-
pressible.

their eyes with, but could not, she had bin there (it's true) but the compassionate Deities at the instant importunity of *Aeneas* (who himself was also Deifi'd) gave her an *Habeas Corpus*, removing the languishing Lady from her watry Gaol, to a starry Mansion, wher she waited on *Juno*, rubbing her toes, and tying up the trammels of her hair when occasion commanded; The

* Champion would fain have exercised his valour for the present liberty of these Ladies, though all the powers of *Orcus* had thwarted him, had not *Lamia* declared the vanity of the attempt, and how impossible it was to procure their Infranchisement: Our Noble pair had now sufficiently sated themselves with Acherontick novelties only yet they had not seen *Pluto's* Palace, nor kissed the hand of *Avernian Juno*, *Lamia* would have visited the Court of that swarthy King, had not *Zara's* indisposition impeded her Resolve; therefore they hasted with all speed to the very Gates of *Barathrum*, which at their return they found wide open, but so great was the desire of their attaining the
ter-

* Mark here
our Cham-
pions incom-
parable con-
rage.

terrestiall Globe, that they made no inquiry of the cause thereof; their Carroach awaited their comming very dutiously, into which having cast themselves, they were (within few minutes) conveyed to *Lamia's* abode.



CHAP. V.

*Zara (having made a strange Discovery) can by no means be perswaded to dwell longer with his Love Lamia ; his remarkable Speech at parting. Her wo-
full Lamentation.*

THat our Champions shirt was glewed to his Loynes, and his whole Microcosm out of frame, will be no mans wonder that considers the length, or rather depth of his journey, and how hot a place Hell is, but no preservative is wanting that may restore him to his lost strength, but he being of a tough constitution, instead of Ginger-bread and Jellies, calls for the leg of an Ox, and the thigh of a Sheep, the desolation wherof rendred him

him in his full vigour (so that *Lamia* perceived it was rather his five hours fasting then any other obliquity that occasioned his distemper) which the Inchantress could not credit, till she had made experimentall proof of his

*Abilities; Long time our Champion and *Soto* remained with this *Acra-*
sia, this *Armida*, this *Alcyna*, this what shall I call her, -- this Witch, -- No

* Meaning
how he
could use
his Pen.

delight whatsoever but resided here, the palate pleased with curious Cates and delicious Wines, the eye delighted with variety of the most glorious objects, the eare feasted with Soul-charming Harmony, and finally all the five Sences fed to an Atrophie in this Palace of Pleasure, yet cannot all these allurements and blandishments so mollifie our Knight, but he remembers, in the midst of these false joyes, these delusive delights, and Sugar-plum contentments (that rot the eater) that his business on Earth is of a different Die, to succor the oppressed, to tame fastidious Tyrants, and make mis-shapen Monsters tremble at the clashing of his Arms, but (not to make our Champion more hungry
after

after Fame, then indeed he is) why he would needs be going was, for that he had discovered the damned fraud of the fallacious *Lamia* being far enough (as * she thought) from the perusal of her person, when peeping through the cranney of a wall, he perceived his cunning Concubine in her true and native shape.

* By this it appears that Witches are not altogether so omnipotent & omniscient as Gaffer Bodin and other witch-mongers would make us believe.

*So old, so wondrous old,
In the Non-age of time,
Ere the Serpent fed on slime,
Or Eve put on her Petticoat,
She was in her prime.*

* The Description of a virtuously disposed Matron.

It would have puzzell'd that Female Mastrix *Mantuan* to have limm'd this she-Chymera, * the wrinkles on her face might be called *Cupids* graves (not that *Cupido* is dead) where the Dand-prat Deity sits triumphing in his own Trenches; this is the *Orcus* that includes millions of Fiend-like frowns, Myriads of deep Ruts and Sloughs, in all respects resembling a parched Dung-hill perpetually moistned with salt water leisurely distilling from the Lymbecks of her leaden

leaden eyes, her breath like the steam of *Tenarus*, blasts the Spring be it never so forward; take her whole face, together with all its furniture, and like Clouds it turns day to night, and mightier then the Sea, makes Moors seem immaculate: Our Champion was wrapt with no little wonder to behold this strange mutation, she that some hours before seemed another *Hellen*, is become a very *Hecuba*, already barkt into a Bitch, yet durst not our Champion take notice of the killing Object, (Note here our Champions meer cunning) un-wary Narration his eyes had beheld a number of Metamorphos'd men turned into Beasts by the Incantments of this wicked Sorceresse, and to be an Ass was such a thing as made him tremble to think on, desirous therefore to be quit of this foule Quean (having recounted those many Obligations upon him, and protested the greatest Ardency of Devotion) he humbly and earnestly besought *Lamia* to let him depart; for quoth he,

* See *Cæsars*
Commenta-
ries in Eng-
lish.

he,* the Rust of Ease feeds on Honour like a Moth, and to a true enobled mind nothing is more irksom then idleness, adding he had been long benum'd with the Torpedo of Excess, and so made himself enemy to that employment which God and Nature had appointed; How many *Parth-nia's* (quoth he) languish under the harsh Tyranny of flinty-soul'd *Demagorasses*? How many *Phalarian* Tyrants trouble the world with tempestuous Impositions and Diabollieall Edicts? How many Dragons sleep soundly in their Marble Cels at night who all the day do nothing but devour those harmless Hobinols, that toyl for the benefit of mankind? How many Inchantments expect a period from the prudency of my courage; and how many formless Gyants (taller then Oaks) might have bin hew'd down with *Kill-za-Cow*, while *Zara* makes himself a Milk-sop, a Carpet-Knight, a Coxcomb, and what not? *Lamia* had listned to this farewell (to her a Funerall Oration) very attentively; but all the time our Champion was talking, he might perceive how

how her sick soul sat upon her lips,
 looking as *blue as Butter-Milk ; A-
 las, said she, that the Fates should al-
 lot poor *Lamia* so sad a sufferance ; is
 there but one onely Knight in the
 World (who draws my soul as *Bar-*
bary horses drag a Dutch Carroach)
 and do I finde his love loose in the
 hilts ? who like those who chuse ra-
 ther to lye on boards then beds, with
 blocks for pillows, despises the filken
 delicacies of Repose, to tread the
 path of Tumult, and rashly wishes to
 experiment those hardships dogging
 Knights-Errant at the heels : O my
Zara, wherein has *Lamia* displeased
 thee ? What have thy wishes promp-
 ted thee to, that thou hast wanted ?
 Has not Heaven, Hell, Gods, Men,
 and Furies been at thy beck ? * Has
 not *Bacchus* prostrated his blood, *Ce-*
res her store, *Cyprides* her delights,
Apollo his Lyre, *Pytho* her voyce, *Juno*
 her stateliness, *Hermes* his wit, and
Jove himself his Heaven, and yet can-
 not all this create a compliancy ? O
 my dear *Zara*, let not thy ambitious
 desire to rivall those rapacious Rene-
 gadoes of old, whose best happin^{esse}
 was

* An infal-
 lible sign of
 a troubled
 mind See
 Culpeppers
 last will &
 Testament.
 i. c his Le-
 gacie, chap.
 12.

* Mark the
 Majesty of
 these tropes

* See the
History of
Mervin and
Fregosus,
with his
three sons.

was to purchase a Pageant Fame with
a reall infortunity, and are at best but
* blended with dirt and blood, per-
swade thee to a tedious travell after
that glory which in the grasping pas-
ses through the fingers.

*This said, she with her goggle
eyes did stare-a,
(As if she meant to look
him through) on Zara.*

* As in ex-
pectation of
the Cham-
pions re-
morse.

It would have bruiz'd a brazen
heart (more hard then that Head once
so baffled by Mounseur Miles) to
have beheld her in that Agonie for a
long time, * her looks gave the lan-
guage of her heart, but reading his
unalterable resolves written (Steno-
graphically) in his face, she rose up
(like a fierce Tygress) taking by the
throat (to his almost strangling) with
such a voyce (for all the world) as
Dido when she perceived that she must
lose her sturdy Stallion, the strong
chined Æneas, she said; O thou inex-
orable Beef-brained man, thy Mother
sure was some Welsh woman, who in-
stead of her own fostered thee with
Mars

Mare-Milk, thy Father some salvage
 Kern, begotten by an Incubus, and
 thy breeding no better then that the
 Boars of *Belgia* afford their swat-bo-
 died Bantlings : Go, but may my
 conglomerated curses go with thee;
 but if not for my sake (here she be-
 gan to treat the Champion in a mil-
 der tone, yet for that which this
 womb of mine includes, thy *Seed,
 which even now cuts capers in my
 womb; be courteous to perishing
Lamia; here she let fall a number of
 salt tears, insomuch that *Soto* could
 not forbear to accompany her; her
 Marble Maidens sweat brinie drops,
 making much lamentation for their
 Mistress; not all this could mollifie
 our Champions minde, yed did he
 once more give the grounds of his
 Protestations, that no Lady under
 Heaven should ever claim that Sove-
 raignty which her bright self so right-
 fully inherits; he would have added
 more, had not the Inchantress flung
 away in a great rage, and locking
 her self up in her Closet, gave com-
 mandment that none should have ac-
 cess to her; she gone, our Champion

*Which the
 Champion
 had convey-
 ed into her
 through a
 pipe, that
 it is possible
 so to do, see
 Culpeppers
 Book of wo-
 men and of
 womens
 wombs.

* Meaning
Banks his
Beast if it
be lawful to
call him a
beast, whose
perfections
were so in-
comparably
rare, that he
was worthi-
ly termed the
four-legged
Wonder of
the world,
for dancing
(some say)
singing, and
discerning
Maids from
Maulkins,
finally ha-
ving of a
long time
proved him-
self the or-
nament of
the British
Clime, tra-
vailing to
Rome with
his Master,
they were
both burned
by the com-
mandment
of the Pope,

stood in a strange dilemma, almost re-
solved to link himself to *Lamia* for e-
ver; to this *Soto* very powerfully ex-
horted him, and (no doubt) had pre-
vailed, had not his fancy immediatly
falsn upon the sullen contemplation
of that sooty change, when he beheld
his *Minerva* a *Megea*, and his young
beauteous Lady a black deformed
Dowdy, so that he commanded *Soto* to
saddle his good Steed, and to bring
his Sword, Armor, and Mace, which
Soto presently performing, the Cham-
pion forthwith armed himself, com-
manding *Soto* to the like, and having
mounted his fiery steed, who (like one
of * *Banks's* breed) danced under him
for joy; he called for *Lapida*, with an
intent (since *Lamia* wold by no means
be spoke with) to send a zealous fare-
well to the Inchantress by her, when
behold *Lapida* was coming towards
him, bearing a Box fast locked, and
in her hand the key, who coming to
the Champion with humble obeisance
presented him with *Lamia's* last gift,
using these or the like expressions:

Sir Knight, quoth she, for whose sake
the woful *Lamia* wishes her self a beast
that

beast, that she might alwaies bear so rich a burden as thy self, although thy cruelty cannot be parallell'd, who rejectest a Lady, for whose sake Kings would kick their Crowns with the soles of their feet, yet she commits this Carket of treasure into thy custody, willing thee to preserve it as thou wouldst thy life, a written Schedule informs thee how to deal, & the Gods go with thee: *Zara* could not but stand amaz'd to finde such affection from her to whom he had manifested such obduracy; But as he was about to declar himself, *Lapida* had left him, and was already with her disconsolate Mistris: *Soto* could not refrain shedding of tears (his belly though wanting ears had the gift of prophesie, and predicted a scarcity, after so much fullness as he found in *Lamia's* Pavilion) no nor **Zara* himself, though he cunningly absconded his reluctancy by locking down his Beaver, the Champion thought it vain to attempt a future colloquie, and therefore kept his way, waited on with numberlesse numbers of formless imaginations.

* Some old
Authors re-
port that he
wept bitterly.



CHAP. VI.

Zara having left his Love Lamia, meets with a Noble woman of No-land, she tells the story of Prince Emanfor (son of Paraclet and Maulkina) changed in his Cradle : The Counterfeit is exposed to the mercy of wild Beasts. Emanfor returns, and is known to his Parents. Duke La-Fool undertakes to prove the Princess Maulkina a Prostitute. Champions resort from all parts of the world, proffering their service to the Princess. Don Zara also resolves for her vindication.

HAVING thus quitted *Lamia's* Mansion, our Don kept the beaten Road, riding a very easie pace, vext with various cogitations, till he arrived upon a vast Plain, whose immensity gave him occasion to cast up his
 * eyes to Heaven, to see if the Sun were not neer his Western Region, but finding he had many miles yet to travail, he resolved to pass that Plain and to Quarter in the next Quarry he met

• which he seldom did by reason of their fore-ness occasioned by a salt Rhume.

met with; as he was thus contemplating (turning himself about to speak to *Soto*) he might perceive a Lady of incomparable beauty, mounted on a white Steed, richly trapped (clad after the Amazonian manner, in her hand a shell fashioned like a Shield, whereon was most lively pourtrayed the figure of some illustrious Princeſs, ſhe was attended by one onely Squire, his body ſhort, his beard long, his face pale, and his hair red, theſe followed hard after the Champion, who imagined that *Lamia* might(perhaps) have repented of her moroſity, and was now in purſuit of him, to give the other odd on-ſet (by way of ſtorm) to his moſt impregnable ſeſolve, and therefore he ſtood ſtill expecting her approach, who was no ſooner within Tongue-ſhot of him, but allighting from her Steed, whom ſhe committed to the cuſtody of her Squire, ſhe made moſt humble and lowly obeysance to the Champion, who very courteouſly commanded *Soto* to raiſe her from the earth, for quoth he, I love not to ſee your ſoft Sex fall upon the knee, but the * back, or to hear ye ſuppliate

* Meaning
that he
would
back them
in all things

* A kind of Musical Instrument fashioned like a Reed, if it be skillfully plaid on, it puts to silence the brawlings of bitter wives and attenuates the friendship of the most fascinatorous female.

* Here begins the story of Prince Paraclet, Maulkina, & Emansor.

for any thing save a * Syringe: The Lady knew not well how to expound this language, onely she thought the Champion a very conceited Worthy, a jocular Heroe, a sportive Martialist;

* Sir Knight, said she (whose looks, language, and gesture create strange thoughts within me) be pleased to know, that I am (I will not say the first) of those Ladies of Honour, who wait upon the high-born, illustrious, and refulgent *Maulkina*, Daughter to the high and mighty Prince *Paraclet*, Prince of *No-Land*, on the confines of whose Territories we now are, so it is that the Divine *Maulkina* having been a vowed Votarefs to *Diana* (whose Priestess she was, and whose Oracles she exhibited) upon a night as she sat at the feet of the Image of that chaste Deity, Deaths elder-brother, Tyger-taming *Somnus* sealed up her eyes, when behold, *Jupiter* descended in the shape of a brave young Prince, and had the fruition of her body, to the filling of her belly, as saith the Adage, *with young bones*, so that she became altogether incapable of officiating in *Diana's* Temple, therefore exchanging the

the Church for the Court, after nine Moneths were expired, *Lucina* falling from Heaven (with her two Hand-Maids *Sarah Safety*, and *Joan Ease*) she made Prince *Paraclet* a Grandfire, to his little joy, when he perused the Infants person so monstrously misshapen, his fore-head flat, his eyes squinting, his nose hardly visible, his lips thick, yet flaggy, his chin resembling a Town-top with a brass nail at bottom, his bulk a very *Babel* of deformity, his legs borrowing their shape from a new bent Bow, and his feet displaying themselves very dreadfully; nor were his internal endowments incompatible with his shape, for (comming to years of discretion) his language and comportment proclaimed him rather the son of a Plasterer than a Prince, the sons of Noble men he would shun, to accompany the sons of Citizens and Car-men, nor could ever be brought to the knowledge of Letters by all the endeavours that could be used, to the extream grief of *Paraclet*, and the unspeakable torment of *Maulkina*, yea, to the general sorrow of the whole Realm, the

people whispering in corners, that this Incubus could not be the son of the great *Jupiter*, but rather the spurious seed of some Swabber; these wild reports brought *Paraclet* to his wits end, and not knowing how to extinguish this fire without scorching his fingers, he resorted to the Oracle at *Delybos*, where after Celebration of the usuall Ceremonies) he received this Answer :

* See the
Book of
walking
Spirits.

*By subtile Goblins fraud,
The reall Child of Maud,
Was changed in the Cradle,
By * Tom, surnamed Ladle,
(Who is the master Elf,
And does what list himself)
But the true Son of Jove
About the world does rove,
(Not knowing of his Right)
Being call'd the Fairy Knight;
But by the Fates decree,
This Faery Prince you'l see,
(The lawfull Heyr of no Land)
Within few dayes in No-Land,
When ere he haps to come,
You'l know him by his Thumb,*
Who*

*Who with his Sword shall prove
Himself the Son of Jove.*

It were needless to recite with what astonishment Prince *Paraclet* (and all with him) received this Answer from *Apollo*, but hasting back to *No-Land*, *Paraclet* summoned his whole Nobility, who unanimously attending his pleasure, he declared unto them what the Oracle had spoken, demanding their speedy and serious advice, some counsell'd one thing, some another, but after much hesitation, they voted as one man, that this prodigious Changeling should be conveyed into some Wilderness, and there left to the acceptation of his Elvish parents, whose advice (though *Maulkina* sway'd with a groundless commiseration withstood it) was suddenly put in practice, and this *Perken Warbeck* being denuded of his greatness, resigned to the protection of those Goblins who gave him being; this action was diversly disputed on by the Vulgar, some applauding, some condemning, and all censuring; they were silenced by the arrivall of *Emanfor* * with 30. Squires,

* For it was
about the
Spring of
the year.

* Here was
true affection
indeed.

Squires, cloathed all in green-a, who (by divine appointment) coming to Court, proffered his service to *Paraclet*, who beholding his well-built form and behaviour, but especially fixing his eyes on his fingers, perceived his right-hand Thumb to be 12. digits longer then any of his other fingers, wherefore assuring himself that this was he whom the Oracle hinted, his own flesh and blood, and son of *Jupiter* and *Maulkina*, * he embraced him in his arms, weeping over him as if he had been scourged with Scorpions; *Emanfor* was wondrously astonished at this uncouth entertainment, insomuch that for a long time he remained speechless, but a sober recollection having opened his organ pipes, he (on his knees) besought Prince *Paraclet* to inform him what motives prompted him to this ænigmaticall Reception of one who was utterly a stranger to him; *Paraclet* again folded him in his arms, & beckning to all about him, that stood at distance (marvelling at this strange inter-location) he openly declared, that by the goodness of the Gods No-
Land

Land was now restored to its ancient Glory, this being the true and onely Sonne of his Daughter *Maulkina*, and his undoubted Heyre; This he spake with a lowd voyce, and then again saluted his Grandchild, while all there gave a showt, which ecchoed in every corner of *No-land*, shrewdly shattering many Steeples and Structures: By this time the welcome News came to the knowledge of the Princesse *Maulkina*, who came running swifter then a Roe to receive her long-lost Sonne into her bosom, the mutuall joy between *Emanzor* and his Mother cannot be exprest in words. I shall therefore give the Reader leave to think as he lists, onely I must not omit what a generall Joy was every where manifested by the multitude, who (like Loyall Subjects) were even drunk for Joy of their new Prince; * he that did not stagger as well as stammer was immediately knockt down for a Traytor; After this, the sweet *Emanzor* (according to the *No-Land* custome) took his Mother to wife,

* O the sweet and cordiall Loyalty that the Ancients manifested to their Princes, where shall we now find such fidelious fervency!

by whom he has two Sonnes and one Daughter named *Dowcabell*, the miracle of perfection, lately married to a Noble Personage, named *DON FURBO-FALLACIO*, who in Honour of his beauteous Bride, has appointed a Solemn Joust or Tournament, to begin the Twelfth of this instant Moneth, having sent His Challenges to every corner of the Orbe, and bidding Defiance to any Prince, Champion, or Errant-Knight, that shall put his Lady (how exquisite soever) in competition with his brave Bed-fellow, whose shadow this is; This was no sooner bruited abroad, but *DON-LA-FOOLE* Lord of a Neighbouring Iland, openly declared his dislike, crying up his own Lady as the sole Glory of her Sex, and the most merriting Madam in the World, and the more to make himself odious to all Noble Spirits, proffers to prove the Princess *Maulkina* a Prostitute by dint of Sword, having cheated the credulous World with a false Report, that *Emanſor* was not begotten by *Jupiter*,
for

for this reason he has entertained a great number of Knights and Champions to be in readines against the appointed day, so that Prince *Paraclet* and *Emanfor* have cause to guesse that he intends rather a bloudy War, then a Wanton Tilt, and therefore they also have thought fit to strengthen themselves against the day that must decide this Quarrell for Beauty; and this (most Noble Knight) was occasion that commanded me abroad, to summon in all those Knights of worth, whom the Gods of No-Land should appoint me to encounter with not doubting of your chearfull assistance, when the most fair *Maulkina* and the Divine *Dowcabell* shall beg the ayd of your dead-doing arm.

The Celestiall Powers (quoth *Za-ra*) I perceive are Favourers of thy Prince and People, that thus opportunely thou hast met with him, who will feat *Paraclet* and *Emanfor* above fear or danger, and chastise the pride of that Duke LA-FOOL, else may *Kill-za-Cow* faile me in my greaest extremity, and *Founder-foot* make

make a Halt, when I am riding to the Redemption of some Imprisoned Kings; The substance of this resurgent Shaddow shall bear the Bell from all Ladies that ever yet had a being, or shall illuminate the Earth for the future: But how neer are we to Prince *Emansors* Court, or must we expect a tedious Travaile ere we gain the sight of his Glorious Palace: My Lord, said she, some two Leagues hence (in a direct line with your nose) you shall finde a Ship (in Safe Harbour) riding at Anchor in the *Ægean* Sea, ownd by a Merchant of *No-Land*, who will think himself happifide in having the Honour to transport your selfe and *Soto* your Squire; it is but four houres Sayle (though I confesse those Seas are something dangerous,) from thence to *Zardoniapola-Mancha*, the Metropolis of *No-Land*, where Prince *P A R A C L E T* and *EMANSOR* reside in their gorgeous Pavillions: My self (my Lord) must yet further by Land: Having said this, she took
her

her leave in a most submissive manner, receiving a friendly Farewell from the CHAMPION, who now mended his pace towards the Ocean, for that he perceived *Cynthius* began to hide his countenance.

End of the Second Book.



Don



Don Zara del Fogo :

The Third Book.

CHAP. I.

The Champion and Soto imbarque themselves for No-Land, being on Board, he opens the Casket that Lamia had sent by Lapida at his departure from Mount Mongibell, wherein he finds a Charmed Be't, together with an Epistle warning him of future events. A dreadful Tempest arising, himself and Soto are born from off the Deck above a Cables length; they are saved by a Sea-Horse, and cast upon an Island inhabited by Fisher-men, where the Champion meets with a most strange Adventure.

*Under-foot and Soto were involv'd in sweat, ere the
F Champion could reach the
Egean Sea, but arriving
at the desired Bay, our
Knight complemented the Captain
K and*

* Meaning
as became a
Champion
& a Knight
Errant.

* Sentence
grave and
wise.

* The De-
scription of
a sad Sea-
Storm.

and Master * very ventrously, receiving from them as reasonable a retort, they eat, drank, and discoursed together, not like Aliens, but as having consanguinious Alliance, and as if Neptune & Æolus had been our Champions Pensionaries, the wind on a sudden became tractable to their design, so that weighing Anchor, and setting Sayle, they merrily set forward for *Zardona-pola-Mancha*, the Seas calm, the winds courteous, the Seamen were singing, and the Passengers priding themselves in their happy fortune; but O! the ficklenes of Fortune, * *whose blandishments are bruises, and whose dandlings are dangerous*; for they had not sayled many leagues ere *Hyperion* hid his face, * the Heavens were muffled in Mists, *Eurus* and *Boreas* break from forth their prisons, bearing storms and tempests on their wings to the (already) enraged Ocean, nor *Charls-Wain*, nor the *Lesser Bear* can be perused by the despairing Pilot, the angry Sea rowles it self in ridges as steep as the tall Pyramids of *Cayr*, the monstrous *Leviathan* opening his mouth wider then *Orcus*,
watcht

watcht every opportunity to swallow the sinking Ship and its sorrowfull inhabitants; nor could * *Surius* or *Palinure* know which way to drive the distressed Vessel by the Rule of the Rudder, while (alas) her whole bulk groans, and her Beak and Main-Mast crack, the Steers-man crying aloud, down with the Top-sayl, keep the Sprit-sayl tight, hale the Main Bowling, while the crazed Bark, like a Bear baited with Mastiff, strives to keep her Beak aloof, some billows she breaks, others pass over her Poop and Prow.

* Two eminent Steersmen, who guided Sir Walter Raleighs Ship on the Ocean, when he was bound for the discovery of the Silver Mines.

While things were in this confusion, *Don Zara* was sitting in his Cabin, in very serious contemplation, conceiting (as indeed he had cause) that his Love *Lamia* had procured this storm on purpose to plague him, this cogitation remembred him of the Casket that *Lapida* presented him with when he left *Lamia*, hitherto not thought on; which fatall oversight might (for ought any man knows) have cost him his life, had not the celestiall Powers indulged their Darling with divine ayde; but now (as

to the present business all-too-late) he opens the Carkanet, wherein he found a hilt borrowed from the hide of a Buck, lined with Magicall Characters, and Metricall Incantations, promising safety to the Wearer, though invironed with Millions of Enemies, & thrust at with thousands of swords; Tradition tells us that this was the Cincture which the mighty Son of *Thetis*, swift-foot *Achilles*, used to wear, by vertue whereof he became invulnerable; this Girdle was given to *Ulysses* with *Achilles* Armour (for he had not slaughtered the Woers else) he dying, left it as an inestimable Legacy to his Son *Telemachus*, from whose custody the Inchantress *Lamia* ravishd it by the potency of her Spells; one of the most efficacious Charms that was embossed in this Belt, spoke thus in Hexameter Verses:

*Oswald, Paradine, Thulo,
Hugo, Hubert, Aribert,
Astragon, Hurgonill, Orgo,
Ulsnor, Goltha, Tybalt.*

Thus

Thus Interpreted :

Ye mighty Dukes of Darknes,
let no wrong
Happen to him, who wears
this Charmed Thong.

With this protection there was also a Letter directed to the Champion in these words :

Heroick Champion,
THough your unkindnesses to me are of a more killing consequence, then that of *Theseus*, *Æneas*, *Paris*, or *Ulysses*, to *Ariadne*, *Dido*, *Ænone*, or *Circe*, for which your name (with theirs) should be hangd, drawn, and quartered, by the common Executioners Fame; yet so great is the love I yet retain towards you, that it not onely commands my forbearance from hurting you, but enjoyns me to put your person (which shall be exposed to many hazzards) above the reach of danger; the Belt that this box incloses, if girt about you, will prove your protection better then a
Coat

Coat of Male, or the most impenetrable Armour, nor indeed can you be wounded while you wear this; but this gone, you are but the same *Zara* you were; My Art informs me that your Destiny shall decree you for *No-land*, appointing your passage through a turbulent Sea, but by no means imbarque your self for that Ship (Passengers and all) shall become a prey to the barbarous Element; when you arrive in *No-land*, many shall be your dangers, some shall fight you, some flout you, and others fawn upon you, but your Girdle shall give you victory over all your Enemies; Parting from thence, you shall visit many strange Countries, and see more Monsters than *Mandevile*, but at a certain time you shall find a winged Hog, grazing in a Green-plat, him seize upon (for he has been used to the snaffle) and make him yours, giving the Gods and me thanks, who have made you Master of one of the rarest Beasts in the world: Thus imploring you would not altogether forget her who shall alwaies remember you, I commit you to your Fate,

remaining the sorrowful Lamia.

The Champion was exceedingly vexed at his own stupidity, that he had not read this Epistle before, and so prevented the present danger, but yet he would not seem to be amated; How was he smitten with astonishment at this unparalell'd affection of *Lamia*? how did he repent him of his sullen and sudden departure? By this time the Ship was shaken almost to pieces, Thunder rent the Ayr, the Sea roared hideously, the misshapen monsters of the Deep were congregated in great numbers, expecting a Feast of flesh and marrow, and the dying Vessel is even now ready to give up the Ghost, the unhappy Passengers preparing themselves to take the way of all Fish, yet the Champion views all these horrors unmoved, and while others are fighting, he and *Soto* were singing the * heavenly tune of *Walsingham*; By this time the Ship (having bin a long time sick of a Surfeit) being over-burthened; now, with what before supported her, becomes foundered down-right; when, behold, while magnanimous *Zara*, and

* There is much controversy amongst Expositors about this place, some will have *Walsingham* others *Troy Town*, and a third for the Merchants daughter of *Bristol*.

his fearless *Soto* were standing on the Deck, threatening defiance to *Neptune*, and all the Marine Powers, a boisterous wave whirls them into the Sea above a Cables length.

O *Neptune*, *Saron*, and all ye watry Deities, what now shall become of our Sea-Champion, shall the Sword-fish wound him, the Dog-fish bite him, or the Whale devour him.

Behold what care the righteous Gods took for the preservation of virtue; our Champion and *Soto* had not long brushed the azure billows with their active arms, * but a huge *Hyppocamp* (or Sea-Horse) gliding gently between the Champions leggs, received him upon his back, to his no less joy then admiration, who beck-ned *Soto* to get up behind him, when (alas) the poor Squire was almost out of breath, and now and then drank deep draughts of salt water, which he puked up agen; * as I have seen a sul-len Babe eject the new received pap, forced back agen by the thrifty Nurse, till at last it bulge the belly of the Infant; this was *Soto's* Savoury, or rather unfavoury condition, yet sum-

mon-

* Don Zara preserved by miracle, but the truth is the Sea-horses were ever very courteous to mankind. See Pliny, Solinus, Albertus Magnus, and the Spanish Man-devile.

* Simile of a new yeand Babe.

moning all his strength (as a dying Candle, that contracts its ardour to make one parting blaze) he cut his passage through the swelling surges, with so vigorous a resolve, that though he attained not the crupper, he had sure hold of the taylor of this courteous creature; by this miraculous indulgency of Fate, our *Zara* and his Servitor were set safe on shoar the Sea-Horse (not staying so much as for thanks) having delivered his charge safe and sound to *Rhea*, plunged himself into the lap of *Thetis*, leaving our Champion in the most insatiable extasie, who scarce could believe (what his eyes beheld) the wonder of his deliverance.

They were now in a Rockey Island, here and there a Tree, and (in some places) neer the Rocks, good store of *grasse, here they feared as much to be famished as before to be drowned; yet (by the favour of *Mavors*) our Champion had his good Sword girt to his voluminous waste; nay more, his Charmed Girdle, Casket, and all safe lodged in his pocket; *Soto* had on his Breast-plate and Helmet, and his steel-

* But withall
very scurvey.
see Dr. Trigs
Treatise of
purging Ale.

steel-pointed piece of Ash, fast in his fist, which instrument of defence he had such care of all the time he was sowced in the salt Ocean, that (as Caesar swimming with one hand, and with the other preserving his Papers from pickle) he still kept it above water; but the loss of *Founder-foot* unspeakably grieved our Champion, so that he hardly refrained from tears.

Zara's complaint for the loss of his Steed,

* Ah *Founder-foot*, *Founder-foot*, said he, have these hands of mine so often fed thee at Rack and Manger, with Oats, Grains, Beans and Barley for this, to fatten the ravenous Fishes of the Sea, and have thy hide cut out into more Thongs then the skin of *Didoes* Bull, to make Harness for *Nep-tunes* Coach-Mares; Farewell the glory of thy kind, thou Sovereign of Steeds, Prince of Palfrays, and honestest of all Horses:

* *Founder-foot's* Elogit.

* *Whose name shall live
free from all black reproaches,
While there are wincing Fades,
or Hackney-Coaches.*

Soto bore a part in his Masters sorrow, for the losse of *Founder-foot*, though his grief had a very different originall from that of *Zara's*, for he (grown a perfect *Thracian*) wisht him there rather to feed on, then ride on, and indeed his Sea-sickness made an Apology for the eagerness of his appetite, all know what a civill war the tumbling of the vessell creates in the small guts, and that those who have not been inur'd to Hoyer and Hulks, are very hainously harrassed the first time of their gaze upon the garulous Ocean. Long time they travailed up and down in hope to finde some shed of shelter, but Fortune was not so favourable to further their wishes, so that wet and weary as they were (their carkasses curdled with cold, and their wembs repleat with water) they sat down at the root of a blasted Oak, wishing for immediate death, rather then a lingring destruction: Being thus reduced to the very brink of despair, and every minute in expectation to become a prey to some ravenous Wolf, or blood-thirsty Tyger, they might hear the showtings
(as

(as they thought) of Shepherds, but indeed Fishermen, who had even then surprized something (stiled by them a Fish) of weighty importance, so that they were forced to summon in the adjacent Fish-takers, with whoopings and hallowings, who understanding the occasion of their clamour, soon incorporated themselves with them; no tongue can tell, or Pen propose, how much the ship-wrackt *Zara*, and his sorrowfull Servitor, were rejoyced at these ecchoings, and therefore they rose up, and (as near as they could guess) trod that path that might lead them to the place where they heard these noyses, so much were they favored by Fate, that in a short time (as if they had taken notice of the track for many Ages) they arrived where they found not onely Mortals but Mansions, Fabricks as well as Fishermen, to their infinite contentment they saw the Fish-finders corroborated in one lump, clubbing all their nets and strength to boot, to make themselves Masters of some unwonted prize, some crying out they had caught a Whale, others that they had

had fastned upon some Chest stuffed with Treasure ; others, that they should make some strange discovery, to the wonder of the world ; *Zara* and *Soto* stood as spectators all the time, while by main strength and Herculean Fortitude they brought to shoar what they had so long laboured for, but (to their astonishment) instead of Fish, were saluted with flesh;

* Behold, a *Panoplia*, a Coat of Armour richly gilded, with a Shield, and a stately Steed (of a Chesnut colour, his Main curiously curled, a blue Star in his fore-head, a fair white spot upon either foot, &c.) and other Martiall Utensils; the Sea-Swaines were as much grieved, as our Champion comforted, to peruse their Draught, insomuch that they were minded to return their gains to him that gave them, had not *Zara* stepped in, and (after the Narration of his late Ship-wrack) besought them to confer the Horse and Armour upon him, they all heard him attentively, and as freely answered his demands, departing every man to his Cottage.

* O strange and never-equal'd accident, that as *Zara* surpassed all knights in the world for courage & true Magnanimity. So he might be furnished with Warlike Habilliments, as never any worthy have himself was.

The

The dusky shades of night had now enveloped the world, and *Zara* (by the suffrage of one of the Fishermen *Piscatorio*) was conducted (with his new acquired Courser, and warlike Furniture) into a sedge Cot, where he was kindly received by *Piscatorio's* wife, and set to supper with a Cods head, and a Salmons tayle, wheron he and *Soto* fed like Farmers, nor was drink wanting (a kind of Sider * made of Alder-Berries and Wildings) whereof (having cured their Garments of the Dropsey) they drank merrily, till the time of night warned them to their rest, they therefore came to their lodging of clean Rye-straw, with Battavian Blankets, where we will leave them to their Repose.

* This must
needs be a
comfortable
kind of drink

CHAP.



CHAP. II.

Zara arrives at Zardona-pola-Mancha, the chief City of No-Land, the Religion of the No-Landers. Zara comes to Court, and joyns himself with the rest of the Knights and Champions; they present their Swords, Shields, &c. at the feet of Maulkina and Dowcabell: their exquisite Impressa's and Devices. Zara's Motto more taken notice of then any: With other accidents.

THe chearfull Cock had thrice given notice of *Aurora's* approach, when the Champion (rowzing *Soto* from his rest) appareled himself with exceeding cheerfulness, being now assured that the Destinies did own his resolves by a peculiar approbation, having so miraculously provided him a case for his skin, with a horse seeming of the Bucephalian breed, he longed to see himself once more in Armour, and to manage his proud Palfray, as ~~none~~ but *Zara* could do; *Soto* was soon

soon ready, and the honest Fisherman
 also, who (burthening his board with
 the best Provant his Cottage could
 afford, and the Champion and Soto
 having fed as men doubting a future
 repast) took his leave of the Champi-
 on, being exceeding joyous, that it
 was his fortune to be one of those
 whom Fate had ordained as a conso-
 latory Instrument for the furthering
 of so noble a Nephew of Mars; Our
 Knight (having received Instructions
 from his courteous Host, which way
 to betake himself) mounted Soto be-
 hind him, to make his way with the
 more celerity, not ceasing to hasten
 his horses pace til he beheld the great
 City Zardona-pola-Mancha, the Metro-
 polis of No-Land, whose argent Spires
 being beaten upon by the Sun-beams,
 rendered a most fulgent delight to the
 gazer; In this City there were no less
 then * nine hundred thousand Chur-
 ches, the No-lands worshipped a God,
 they called in their language Porco,
 the reason that they not onely abstai-
 ned from Swines flesh, but by publike
 Edict made it death for any to kill
 those kind of creatures, imbracing the

* By this way
 be gathered
 the number
 less number
 of Inhabi-
 tants, up-ris-ers
 and down-ly-
 ers in this
 mighty City.

Society of Scots and Jewes with the highest regard; Zara who had never yet resided in so populous a place, was on the sudden surprized with (I know not what) anxiety, so that * he sat a long time on his horse back in a profound study, but perceiving Soto (who was just now restored to his feet) to eye him with a very strict regard, he rode on, and came to the very Gates of the City, whose streets he found paved with Aggats, the houses twelve stories high, all of Alabaster, and every shop-keeper clad in Persian Silks, their wives in cloth of Gold, whose bodies were even burthened with precious Stones; the Citizens ran out in heaps to gape upon this strange Knight, so that if the Champion had not had a brow more solid then Brass, he had been brought to ruine by very bashfulness; it was not long ere he attained the sight of the Palace built of Parian Flint, and Poddian Free-stone, with such admirable Art, that it was justly accounted the eighth wonder of the World; its inside was all of Ophyr Gold, the Beds, Stools, and Dresser-boards of Ivory;

* Caution mixt with courage caused this Dilemma, our Champion being as valiant.

on the top of the Palace (after the old Roman manner) were many rare gardens, watered with Chryſtalline Rivulets, wonderfull to behold : The very day that our Champion viſited the Court, were all thoſe Knights that were met together on the behalf of *Maulkina* and *Dowcabell* (whoſe hiſtory we lately gave you) aſſembled in the Palace-yard, a place of that magnitude, that *Xerxes* might there have muſtered his Army ; Prince *Paraclet*, *Emanſor*, the Princeſſes *Maulkina* and *Dowcabell*, with all the prime Nobles and Ladies of the Court, in their richeſt Adornments, ſat in a Theater contrived on purpoſe for this buſineſs, beneath Canopies of ſtate, the walls of the Theater being hung with Velvet, enamelled with Gold, whereon were curiouſly pourtrayed many ancient ſtories, the Expedition of the *Argonauts* for the Golden ſheep, the Labours of *Hercules*, *Deucalion*'s Flood, the Deſtruction of *Troy*, *Medea* and *Jaſon*, with * the Loves of *Doraſtus* and *Fawnia*, the Knights were all on foot (which cauſed our Champion alſo to alight, giving his Steed to
Soto)

* Or *Hero*
and *Leander*

Soto) their Squires (who were all clad in Crimson Taffaty) holding their Steeds in one hand, and their Shields in the other; each Champion had his Sword girded about him, with his Spear in his hand, as prepared for present encounter, *Zara* not excepted; which solemnity being ended, they one after another presented their Swords, Spears, and Shields, at the feet of divine *Maulkina* and the beautiful *Dorcabell*, the first was a Knight of *Phrigia*, whose Device (ingraven on his Shield) was a Dog biting his Fleas, very busily, with this Motto:

*There is no trust
unto the Winds or Seas,
Those that lye down with Dogs,
shall rise with Fleas.*

The Knight
of the Dog.

The next was a Knight of *Transylvania*, the son of a great Duke named *Sharkino*, his Device was a Lion Rampant, but without Teeth or Nayls, with this Motto:

*The Kingly Lyons Teeth
have left his jawes,*

The Knight
of the tooth
less Lion.

*His voyce can kill,
th:ugh wanting teeth or claws.*

The third was a Knight of *Malta*, a man very eminent for his valour against *Ottaman*, his Device was a Jack Pudding dancing on the Ropes, with this Motto :

The Knight
of the Pud-
ding.

*He who dares wear a face
that bites like Mustard,
The maul, as Pudding
macerates his Custard.*

The fourth was a Knight of *Sardinia*, of an excellent form, insomuch that *Maulkina* and *Dowcabell* had their eyes continually fixed upon him, his Device was a *Jack-an-Apes*, playing upon a Jews-trump, with this Motto:

The Knight
of the
Jackanapes.

*Play on melodiously
(magnifick Jack)
Untill my Sword shall win
thee Nuts to crack.*

The fifth was a Shentleman of *Wales*,
*Ap Shon, ap Owen, ap Richard, ap Mer-
gan, ap Hugh, ap Brutus, ap Sylvius, ap
Æneas*, his Device was a large Cheele
ilit

flit asunder in the midst, toasting before a fire of Turt, with this Motto :

*If her ploud be up
twice and ones,
Take very many heeds
to hide her pones ;
Merlin her Country-man,
Witneß for her can ;
God plesse her, none in
Heurope can appease,
Her anger's like a piece
of roasted Cheese.*

The Knight
of the roasted
Cheese.

The sixth was a Knight of *Muscovia*, a big man, but of a very Masculine Aspect; this was he that stole away the Infanta of *Spain* in a Moonshine night, maugre all her Guards, and married her to his son *Lurdanio*, his Device was a Civet-Cat disburthening her self *a posteriore* into the Helmet of a Knight in shining Armour, who held forth his Head-piece very handsomly, his Motto :

*True type of her,
whose breath's perfum'd I find,
Whether she vent it
forward or behind.*

The Knight
of the Civet
Cat.

Then

Then came Zara (for it would be tedious to relate all) with a Majestick pace, and was received by Maulkink and Dombell, with a lowd laughter, a favour they had not yet afforded to any save himself, his Device was an Owl in an Ivie-Bush, with this Motto:

The Knight
of the Owl
in an Ivie-
Bush.

*Ravens and Daws in troops put on,
But Owls and Eagles fly alone,
My Shield, Horse, Armor, Helm & Sword,
Are own'd by Pallas and her Bird.*

This Device was much laugh'd at by some of the Noble-men and Ladies, and derided by the Knights of little knowledg, which our Champion well enough perceived, and wisely winked at, though within himself he vowed a sudden and sharp revenge; but the truth is, our Don (being utterly a stranger to Letters) was wholly ignorant of the matter, else no doubt his sagacitie had sought out some other Emblem more suitable to his own serenity, and yet this (seemig) despicable Badge will not want a second owner, which shall occasion the most dreadfull Duell that has bin foughten since

since the Creation, as the Process of the History will inform: This Solemnity over, the Knights were admitted to lay their lips to the Lilly hands of *Maulkina* and *Dowcabel*, and after the thanks of *Paraclet* and *Emanfor*, were conducted to a stately Pavillion, being feasted after the most sumptuous manner; then they fell to Dancing, but *Zara* excused himself from that imployment, as an effeminacy he never affected, who had rather fight then frisk, but for owning and celebrating Healths he was not inferiour to any, till the intoxicating fumes so buffeted his brains, that he was forced to disgorge himself even at the Table, which some queazie appetites were angry at, but the stronger sort of constitutions bore withall, as a thing incident to tottering Mortality; And that nothing might be wanting to an accomplished Entertainment, a Masque was this night presented in the Royall Theater.

A splended, pompeous, & delightful Show,
(*Say say*) by Johnson, Jones, or Inigo.

CHAP. III.

The presentation of a never-equal'd Masque, Don Pantalone (resolving to Quarrell Zara) imployes Don La-Fisk to bear his Challenge, &c.

PRince Paraclet and Emanfor, the Heaven-born Maulkina and divine Dowcabel, with all the Nobles and Madams of the Court, being seated each according to their degree; the Knights Errant were also placed according to their severall Gradations, and the Musick having charmed their senses with a Celestiall Dyrathamb, they were presented with a curious Contrivance, called

Venus

Venus and Adonis. :

A Masque.

The Frontispiece was a thick-grown Wood, repleat with Lions, Tygers, Bears, Antilopes, Panthers, and other Beasts of prey; *Sylvanus*, *Priapus*, *Pan*, and other Wood-Gods, cracking of Nuts, and eating of Apples, while the following Song was sung to the Tabor.

S O N G.

[sway,
Hail happy Powers, whose harmlesse
 All the Sylvens do obey;
 Had those above fed like to you,
 (On Acorns and on Rain-bow Dew)
 When the World lay in its Cradle,
 And there was no fiddle faddle,

Saturn

Saturn had still kept his Throne;
And not been ousted by his Son;

'Tis head-strong Wine,
And Manthet fine,
That irritates
Ambitious pates:

Pan never quarrels with Sylvanus,
(For every Wood-god worships Janus);
The beauteous Nymphs are all in common,
None's the better Gentlewoman;
With a baneless love they greet,
Horns, and nays, and cloven-feet.

CHORUS.

Then unto the Woods let's wander,
To find out Hero and Leander.

This Song ended, twelve Nymphs,
and as many Satyrs cast themselves in-
to a figure for the Dance; which done,
the Wood-gods, with the Nymphs
and Satyrs withdraw, and the God-
dess *Venus* with her Son *Cupid*, and
her Hand-Maids the Graces are dis-
covered.

VENUS.

Nay, by my Altars that are reaking,
And those Lovers that are sneaking,
Homeward after full enjoyment,
Either accept of this employment,

(Fro-

(Froward Boy) or else Ile strip thee,
And with Rods of Roses whip thee;
I have often (to my sorrow)
Felt the Launcings of thy Arrow,
Jove and Juno, Hermes, Hebe,
Mavors, Bacchus, yea and Phebe,
With the God that guides the Surges,
(Riding like a Belgick Barges)
Will rejoyce (like to inferiors)
While I plow up thy Posteriors,
Take away his Bow and Darts,
While I scourge him till a' smarts.
Bare his breech. *Thalia* —

CUPID. -- had I
Tane the counsell of my Daddy
(Whom you cuckold every hour)
By this I might have scornd your po-
Cannot Mars his steely chine, [wer.
(Who has almost lost his eyne
With over-doing) nor Anchyses,
With his Piltrums and his Spices,
(To heighten Appetite) nor Pelus
Sare your conduct to Cornelius;
But Adonis must be brought on,
To a thing he never thought on.

VENUS.
Impious Elf (*Aeneas* brother) [ther,
What's that to thee who rides thy Mo-
Horse him *Thalia*. --

Thalia

THALIA--Spare, O spare
(Great Goddess) this thy son & Heyr,
Lest on a Clown he make me doat-a,
I dare not touch his filken Coat-a.

VENUS.

Do't, if thou despise thy duty,
I'll make thee fetch a Box of Beauty,
From the bottom of black Hell,
As *Psyche* did (as stories tell.)

Here the Graces cease upon Cupid, and prepare him for the lash.

CUPID.

Hold, (sweet Honey-Mother) hold,
I confess I've been too bold,
If I live but till to morrow,
(As Gods can't die) I'll send an Arrow
Into *Adonis* Marble brest,
Headed with a Hornets nest.

VENUS.

On this condition take thy ramble,
To make the wombs of Ladies wamble,
But fail not as thou lov'st my smile,
Now I'll take Coach for *Cyprus* Ile.

Venus, Cupid, and the Graces being gone, Adonis (like a Huntsman) is seen with his setting Dog.

ADONIS.

Come my *Canicula* (sweet Cur)
In thy throat thou hast a bur

I fear, thy voyce was wont to ring,
 With redoubled eechoing;
 "Strange thing, when Dogs forget
 their tones,
 "And Letchers leave their Marrow-
 bones
 "Unbroken, in this shady Wood,
 (Where shaggy Satyrs use to scud)
 I reign sole Monarch of content,
 And ne'r think what my father spent,
 To get and breed me; Pox a' wooing,
 'Tis fulsom to be alwayes doing;
 My life is strict, and right Laconick,
 That love is best that is Platonick:
 To hunt the swift-foot Stag, & follow
 The furious Bear wth whoop & hollow
 Is my best delight, — So—ho,
 Follow me *Canicula*.

CUPID.

Thanks *Jove*, see, where all alone is,
 My Mothers misery *Adonis*,
 But I'll mollifie his mind,
 "They are fools that think me blind;
 Have at thee *Adon*—*— so, 'tis done,
 Breech, thy preservation
 Is sign'd and seal'd; now must I go,
 To wound a wanton Ladies toe.

* Here the
 Bow-string
 cry'd twang.

Adonis being wounded, Cupid goes
 off, leaving him to his Love passion.

ADONIS.

Ye Gods that govern Man and Mouſe
The King, the Duke, the Lord, the lout
What an uncouth change is here,
I am in love up to the ear,

* The deadly
rage of love.

* So that I could court (me-thinks)
A wench that wants a noſe, & blinks,
Were ſhe ſplay-footed gummy-ey'd,
With all deformities beſide
That can be mention'd; all too long
I have done beauteous *Venus* wrong;
Great God of Love to thee I bow,
“Thou art a devilliſh Rogue I vow;
Fire, fire, I burn, I burn,
And ſhortly ſhall to cinders turn,
Unless ſome courteous ſmell fall,
Beneath the Parent of all.

♥ VENUS.

How now, my dear *Adonis*, what?
With thy ſelf in buſie chat?
When, when O when ſhall *Venus* find,
The ſlenty-ſoul'd *Adonis* kind.

ADONIS.

Squeeze me like to Milky Curds,
Drain all my ſappy bulk affords,
Let me dwell upon your * Spot,
You ſhall find me cold and hot;
But muſt not fail in Retribution,
When you find my conſtitution.

* Venus is
much praiſed
by Ancient
Poets for her
Mole, &c.

VENUS.

VENUS.

Come then (my Paramour) let's fally
To my Rosie Bower, and dally,
Till our kexey joynts complain,
Then we will take breath again.

*Venus and Adonis being
gone, the wild Boar, who
(according to Theocritus)
was deeply in love with A-
donis, is seen.*

BOAR.

I must enjoy thee (upon any score)
Adonis, or else cease to be a Boar;
I that despise the Javelin & the Spear,
Whose murth'ring Tusks the sternest
Mortalls fear,

Do stoop unto a stripling, had I thee
Within my power, thou sightles Deity
I'd crumble thee to atoms, & devour
Thy laughing Mother in her flowery
Bower.

Maist will not down, I loath my won-
ted Food,

The unseen flame does set on fire my
blood,

Licks up my moysture, and so loud I
grunt,

My voice is heard hence to the He-
lespont.

ADONIS.

Tw'as long (*Alcides*) e'r thy back was
right,
Having mounted fifty Virgins in one
night.

Voracious *Venus* (void of ruth)
Has had no mercy on my youth.

BOAR.

Beauteous *Adonis*, hark ; how long in
vain,

Unto thy seal'd up ear shall I com-
plain,

Thy scorn will kill me ; Nature can-
not save

His life, whom Love shall lead unto
the Grave.

O pitt' my perplexity, though rude
In form, my heart is full of gratitude ;
My mind's as smooth as pibble,
though my hide

Be rough, & I have other gifts beside,
May sign my Patent for a Ladies clip,
Though I confess my hair will hurt
her lip :

What ere this Wood affords shall call
thee Lord,

So thou wilt deign but love for love
t'afford.

ADONIS.

Hencebristled Monster, canst thou hope
My love, I'll first imbrace a Rope;
And on some fatall Yough resign
My life, foul Monster, filthy Swine;
I will procure a Gay of Warwick,
Though I explore from hence to Bar-
wick

(If thou desist not) that shall wear,
Thy head upon his charmed Spear.

BOAR.

Nay, then tis time to cast of al remors
For when intreaties fail, to practice
force;

Is Orthodox Adonis, by the Gods,
And their celestially ever-blest abodes,
I must enjoy thee. —

Here the Boar endeavouring to express love to Adonis, wounds his tender skin with his Tusk, which kills him.

ADONIS. — O I'm slain,
This bawdy Boar hath wrought my
bane.

BOAR.

Out alas, what have I done?
He is dead as sure as Gun,

M

Fala

Faln like some Poplar (in his pride)
 Planted by a Rivers side,
 Wounded by a Pelean Ax,
 In Heaven now a Paralax.
 O, O, ye infernall Juries,
Rhamnusia, & ye Snake-hair'd Furies,

*The Boar is in an ex-
 trem Agony.*

* Horror of
 conscience.

Ye Harpies, Hags and Gorgons fell,
 * Methinks I'm hurrying now to hell,
 Witness ye Powers above, that I
 Was not murderous willingly,
 I would have hug'd him, but mistook,
 And therefore (sure) may have my book
 Where shall I bath this vexed body,
 Tormented to a Hoddy-Doddy?
 Within some gloomy Cave I'll pine,
 And never drink, nor never dine,
 Till I look like salt and piss,
 And *Hermes* summon me to Dis.

VENUS.

— with the Graces.

VENUS.

Here he was wont to go, and here
Tellus being proud to bear
 So rich a burthen, -- O my heart,
 When with *Adonis* I did part:
 Just such a sigh I fetcht in sooth. 13.
 I hope *Jove* will protect the youth-la
 From

from scathe; sad thoughts do clog my soul,
Which like to *Neptunes* waves do roul

And ride on one anothers backs,
My nether parts do melt like Wax,
or Butter in a Basting-ladle.

What do I see, -- do my eyes dazzle?

Or is *Adonis* drown'd in gore?

O Fortune thou most damned whore,
What hast thou done? lift heaven hier

Good Gaffer *Atlas*, that my fire

Of rage may have ful vent; no stone is
More cold then my (once dear) *Adonis*,
His Nerve that wont to heave & stand
Stiff as a stake at my command,

The Goddess falls
upon the
dead body
of Adonis.

Now droops and hangs the head, his wounds
Do yawn like chapt & parched grounds.

What Monster more then fel with fang

Of ruine, would destroy so young,

So fair, so smooth, so deist a Lad,

Of whom such comfort *Venus* had.

O I am wild with rage; thy bulk

(Dear boy) in a rich Urn shall skulk,

With rich perfums, & whit-bred crums

Rich Odours, and Sabeian Gums.

Take up the precious load my Graces

But ware he piss not in your faces;

For so (some say) dead people do,

This fatall Wilderness shall rue

M 2

Thy

Thy ruine *Adon*, Tempests shall,
 Tear up the Oaks, the Elms, the small,
 The great, the fruitful, and the barren,
 With a Horf-pox and a Murren.
Lead on & weep till ye are blind, the while
We seat Adonis on his Funerall Pile.

Venus and the Graces (carrying the
 dead *Adonis*) being gone off, Temp. its
 and storms destroy the Wood, and no-
 thing appears but a thick Stage, and
 a thin-jaw'd Poet, who thus Epi-
 loguizes.

EPILOGUE.

Thus have you seen Adonis dreary Fate,
The Boars ill luck, & Venus wretched state
Masques are no common things, specially such
As this, that leans upon no staff or crutch;
The Poet stands within biting his nays,
Sometimes his hope, sometimes his fear pre-
vails:

Trotb he's a pretty man, and comes as neer
Tom Nabs (whose Microcosmos has no
Peer)

• A Mocke
 Masque in-
 tended for
 the Press.

As any he alive; If this don't like ye,
Next time Cupido coms, & Madam Psyche.

This

This Masque (as how could it chuse) found a generall applause, not so much as one crittick in so great a crowd; but by this time half the night was spent, so that Prince *Paraclet*, *Emanfor*, *Maulkina* and *Dowcabel*, betook themselvs to their rest, whose example the Courtiers of both sexes followed, onely the Knights (*Zara* excepted) resorting to the place place where they had supped some hours before, resolve to salute *Somnus* with a bowl of *Bacchus* his blood, drinking so deep, that ye would have thought every man there Master of more * *Amethists* then one, so that the place where they were, seemed the very Bower where the blyth Delphick God tipples Sack, and keeps his *Bacchanalias*; but while they were quaffing, *Zara* was sleeping, but he little imagins what plots are even now (at this ominous hour of night) contriving against him, for the Knights *Errant* being now (in their own conceits) discreeter then *Socrates* or *Salon*, and valianter then *Achilles* or *Alexander* the Great, began every man to

* A kind of shining pib-ble found in the Desarts of Devon shire, which whosoever shall butter and bury in his belly in a morning fasting, shall be sure to shinn drunk, eases that day.

pride himself in his own praise, and to enumerate the many Combats and perillous Atchievements they had bin guilty of; this man having vanquished the Knight of the Moon, and Seven Stars, who had nine fingers upon each hand, was full six yards in height, and was thought able to rout a Royal Army; this having taken in that Cittadell, maugre the opposition of a thousand men; a third having rescued the *Persian* Sophy, when surrounded with twelve millions of *Turks*, who were leading him captive to *Constantinople*; these vapours dissipated, they began to discourse every man of his Horse, Armour, and Shield, &c. each maintaining his own for the most Authentick: This discourse put 'um in mind of our Champion *Don Zara*, whom every one censured as he listed, onely the Knight of the P U D D I N G (for so was *Don Pantalone* the Knight of *Malta* called, because of the *Jack-Pudding* in his Shield) was most vehement, who articted against him as a man both insipid and incapacious as to Military Atchievements; this was the Knight whose Horse, Armour, Shield,

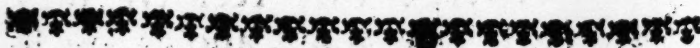
Shield, &c. was made *Zara's* by miracle, being (by an unparalell'd providence) drag'd to shoar by Fishermen, and by them conferr'd on our Champion, as the first Chapter of this Book has inform'd; for *Don Pantalone* (being bound for *No-land*) was shipwrackt on those very Seas where our Champion was cufft over-board, and was the onely mortall except a *Spartane Spaniell*) that escaped the danger (as it seems) by the agility of his arms, and now this most dangerous and degenerate Knight (envying the boon of Heaven) would recover those Emoluments by force, which (no doubt) were worthily torn from him by the fraud of Fate, openly owning the Horse, Armour, and Shield, and execrably protesting that he would be Master of them within forty hours, or leave his dead body as a witnesse of his Devoyre; this Resolve was highly praised by some, and as much cryed down by others; but *Pantalone* was too proud to hearken to dehortments, and therefore (betwixt drunk and sober) he wrote a Challenge,

lenge, desiring the Knight of the Ape
(for so was *Don-La-Fisk* the Knight
of *Sardinia* called, because of the
Ape playing on a Jewes-Trump in
his Shield) to carry it about * eight
in the morning to our Champion
Don Zara; This done, (being scarce
able to tipple any longer) the
Knights adjourned their House for
some hours.

* The time
that all
Challenges
ought to be
carried, or
not at all.
See the Or-
dinance con-
cerning Du-
ells.



CHAP.





CHAP. IV.

Don Zara first appears in the Lists, where Don-la-Fisk presents him with Pantalones Challenge; His stern reply. Duke-la-Fool with two thousand armed Knights enters the Lists, and is totally routed by Zara. He is deeply enamoured on the Lady Madona-del-Simplicia, to whom he directs an Epistle, &c.

THE Sun had no sooner seated himself in his flaming Throne, but the Heraulds (by sound of Trumpet) warned the Knights Errant to meet in the Palace-yard, there to betake themselves to the businesse of the day, but those intoxicating fumes that usually attend ebriety, had so sealed up their senses, that you would have thought Knight Errantry both dead and buried, had not the truly valiant and most redoubted DON ZARA DEL FOGO appeared (with SOTO) compleatly Armed, mounted

mounted on his courageous Courser, whom he called after the name of his late lost Palfray, *Founder-foot*, and brandishing his bright weapon (like another *Aëtorides*) he seemed to denounce Defiance to all under the Cope; nor, indeed, was he overconfident of his Abilities, though having had but little experience hitherto of his own Fortitude; for by instinct (as it were) he on the sudden became sensible of the wondrous vigour absconded in the mysterious folds of his Charmed Belt, which (as by a providence unthought of, or unseen) could protect him from the edge of ravenous steel, though Tilted at him by the same * man that tore off *Acbelous* his horn, and (being in a rage) threw it into *Troy-novant*, where being taken up (as if it had been sent from Heaven) it became the * City badge, though (I know not for what cause) it be not quartered with their Arms; he had not long travers'd the lists, but the Knight of the Ape, *Don La Fisk*, on foot, onely with his Battle-Ax and bassinado, saluted him, proposing a written paper unto him, which

* See *Mythogogus Poeticus*, or the *Muses Interpreter*, fol. 20000.

† *Cornucopia*

which put our Champion into much perplexity, not that he dreaded a Challenge from the most approved Knight in the World, but lest he should be lyable to the castigation of the censorious, as one not acquainted with Alphabeticall Tables; but his ingenuity (by a most apt contrivance) prevented the murder of his Fame, for (as despising so triviall an imployment) he called for *Soto* with as much indignation as haste, who came tremblingly to receive the mandates of his Master; the Champion gave him a check for his non-residency, but yet with so calm a countenance, that he might behold him without blasting: Here, quoth *Zara*, read the contents of this Paper, which done, fold it up for Bum-fodder; *Soto* receiving the Scrole, found it fraught with this very language:

SYRRAH,

Though I cannot prove how, or where The Chal-
 thou attainedst those glorious Arms, lence.
 that Achillean Shield, and that strong
 Steed, yet I will make it good on thy Car-
 rion Corse, that thou camest Felloniously by
 them;

them; they are mine, and as mine I demand their speedy surrender, as thou wouldst escape being beaten, abominably beaten; I will not raile on ye, but I will Cudgell and kick ye most Heroick Champion; therefore (if thou beest wise) speedily un-case and dismount thy self, sending my Horse, Armour, and Shield, else expect no mercy, from

DON PANTALONE.

* Zara's Indignation, having heard Pantalone's Defiance.

Soto was so amazed with the terrible tenor of this Epistle, that he could scarce prolong his breath to pronounce his name that thus menaced his Master; but from Zara's eyes you might perceive flashes of subtil lightning, incessantly streaming, * his face was strangely altered, Death sat upon his front in a new shape, more dreadful then ever Painter yet fancied him, so that Don-la-Fisk (a man otherwise stout enough) was lost to his wonted courage, and began to repent him of his ready undertaking so mortall a Message, to whom after a bite of the lip, and a little pause, our Champion returned this Answer.

I Know not, said he, whether my Clemency would be greater in sparing, or my justice in sacrificing thy life (lost man) who hast had the boldness to present me with this putrid Paper, from him whose limbs shall shortly feast the Fowls of the Air; did ever so voluminous a vaunt find foundation on so vain a confidence? What is this fellow? or from whence? but No-land shall not shelter him from my vengeance, were he Wall'd in with Dragons, and arm'd with the same Thunder that Jove is; as for you, though you have justly merited the weight of my anger, yet I will adjourn your Fate, for no other reason, but that you return my Answer to the Slave that sent you.

Having uttered this (in a tone that sufficiently manifested the mightiness of his wrath) he put spurs to his horse galloping up and down the Lists with such fury, that the ground groaned under his Horses hoofs, when behold Don Pantalone (as eager of Combat as himself) rode up to him with the highest Valour and Resolution, charging

charging him with his drawn Sword;
 Our Champion (who would fain
 have been fighting with any man) i-
 magined that this was he who had
 so grossly abused him, and had there
 put a period to his life, had not Duke
 La-Foole with two thousand armed
 Knights just then entred the Lists;
 Duke-la-Foole was armed much like
 that haughty Pagan King Feragus, of
 whom the most excellent of our Eng-
 lish * Poets thus sings :

*Martin Par-
 kers Heroick
 Poem, called
 Valentine &
 Orson, Dedi-
 cate to all
 the Nobles
 and Gentry
 of either Sex
 throughout
 this Nation.

—— With a Shirt of Mayle,
 A Helmet of strong Brass
 upon his head,
 A Shield of the same Mettal,
 which to fail,
 Was not ordain'd,
 a Sword two handfuls broad, instead
 Of ponderous Club,
 he bore a well-grown Oak,
 Which threatned certain death
 at every stroak.

This caused the two Knights to
 forbear one another, and turn their
 fury upon these Strangers, what Ho-
 mericall or Virgillian Pen can per-
 fectly

fectly paint the admirable deeds done by *Don Zara*, v ho (being invulnerable) had soon sent five hundred of *Duke-la-Fools* Knights to *Dis*; so that Prince *Paraclet*, *Emanfor*, and the Nobility of *No-land* (being awakened by the trampling of Horses, and the clashing of Armour) forsook their beds, and stood to behold the conflict on the Battlements of the Palace, imagining that *Mars* himself was descended from Heaven, in the shape of a man; How did they praise his Prowesse? how magnifie his Magnanimity? By this time the Knights had taken the Allarm, and as one man came to their assistance; But O ye vindictive Powers, what a slaughter was then commenced! Here some lay spewing out their hearts blood, there others headless; here one without armes, there another without legs, invironed with a Lake of blood; nor did the fury of the Fight take any to mercy, save *Duke-la-Fool* himself, and 6 more, who being made captive, were carried to Prince *Paraclet* and *Emanfor*, who immediatly rewarded their treachery with the loss of their heads: Twelve

Duke La-Fool beheaded.

of

of Paraclets Knights were slain in this bloody encounter; but Zana (covered over with blood and sweat, by a Messenger from the Princes) was singled out from the rest, and brought before Prince Paraclet, Emanser, Malkina, and Dowcabell, who affording him the respects due to a Deity, attributed the Victory, together with their preservations (in so eminent hazard) meerly to his Valour, enquiring his name and Countrey, to the first he yielded a ready responcion, but to the other he answered in very obscure terms; the Princes and all there admire the mans valour, but more his modesty, imagining him a Saint, as well as a Souldier, for what Syntax is there betwixt a Helmet and a Cap of Maintenance; the Princess *Maulking* gave him many amorous glances, and no doubt had fixed her affection on him, had she not doubted his acceptation, being deceived with the colour of his countenance; indeed a warlike Ammunition face, yea so preter-naturall, that it seemed rather a Vizzard then a face, but his mind more smooth then polished Pewter, and foster then the Ravens

Ravens feather, as may appear by his being surprized (even now in the height of his anger, when his illustrious soul moved in the very Apogæum of death and vengeance, so much was he incensed against the Knight of the Pudding) with one of the Princess Waiters, named *Madona-del-Simplicia*, a creature of a most excellent form :

*Her gallant grey eyes,
Like Stars in the skies,
Denoted the whiteness of her two thighs.*

Her face Rivalling the fairest of the Fatall Sisters; this is the Goddess to whom our Champion offers his vows, to this fair Idea he paid his zealous Orisons, calling her the Throne of Pleasure, and the very Promontory of perfection, yet (such a bashfulness was he born withal) could not our Champion (though he earnestly endeavoured it) compell his tardy tongue, to deliver of what his heart dictated, though his soul (which brought its own sacred fire with it) did (mentally) present her with a wounded Oblation, burning on her
N brick

brick Altar, offered up with as reall a devotion as ever *Cupid* elevated any; but his love was very ill placed, for *Simplicia*, though fair of face, had a heart more rough then the Posteriors of a Bear, nor did she so much as return one smile to the Champion, who for a long time had earnestly gazed upon her, a thing that Prince *Paraclet* and all there took speciall notice of, but were more stricken with wonder, when they beheld the Champion (without so much as taking his leave) fling away, and mount himself with as much haste, as he had even then bin Petitioned by some pensive Lady, for the infranchisement of her captivated Lord held in durance by some horrible Gyant.

* The Author is in a pittifull plight for his good Champion.

* O *Zara, Zara*, these memorable Loves mentioned in those Authentick Histories of *Parisimus*, *The Knight of the Sun*, or the Ingenuous *Don Quixot-de-la-Mancha*, upon the barren Mountains of *Moreenna*, bewailing the disdain of the Lady *Dulcina-del-Tobeso*, are but Leaden Legends, compared with thy more solid sufferance, in whose brest the little God seems solely

ly to have seated himself, as in some Magnificent Metropolis, where he keeps his Court and gives Laws to the Nations of the earth.

But while the Princes and the rest were diversly censuring this Act of *Zara's*, he (with an Arrow in his bosom) had gained his lodgings, Love that in others causes affability, has in him a clean contrary operation, * as the language of his face sufficiently demonstrated, looking so furiously that none durst speak to him, his Secretary *Soto* excepted, who took the privilege to talk to him, and demand the cause of this so sudden change.

*See Dr. Bul:
wers lan-
guage of
the feet.
Tome 9.

Ah *Soto*, *Soto*, said the Champion, he whom neither Duke *La-Fool* nor his thousand Knights, whom the Knight of the Pudding *Don Pantalone*, nor all the Champions, Gyants, Monsters, Satyrs, Devils, and Dragons can vanquish, is now overcome with the looks of a weak, and (for ought I know) wanton woman, her face is continually in my fancy, and I must enjoy her, or cease to be mortall.

Sir, said *Soto*, this is no such prodigie

digie as you would insinuate; your Predecessour the great *Hercules*, after all his Victories and Conquests, became a slave to his own Codpiece, and (by *Omphale's* appointment) upon Shoos-makers thread, which imployment he plyed to purpose all the day, not wishing any Sallary but to unravell at night: Was not the good Sir *Guy* flouted by *Philida* into a bondage, cost him much blood and sweat ere he could wriggle himself into her imbraces? *Jove* himself has been a Bull ere now, meerly to back to the white-faced Cow? If then the greatest of Gods, and the most eminent among men, have been Vassals to *Venus*, and captives to *Cupid*; it had been strange if you (my Lord) who are a God, a Heroe, and what not, should not (at least) taste what they fed on almost to a surfeit, nor need you despair of a prosperous success, for what woman (though Mistress of more beauty then Loves Queen, or dignifi'd with more soveraign command then *Semiramis*) would not meet your motion half way, and bleis that Fate that furnished her with such

Mag-

Magnetick perfections, to attenuate the love of so brave a man. Thou art excellent, quoth *Zara*, at versification, pen me presently a Copy of Verses, such as may gain thy self a never-fading Fame, and me the fruition of her who is my Fate, upon whose smiles or frowns my Destiny depends.

* My Lord, quoth *Soto*, I have onely sipt of *Helicon*, and taken a nap or two upon *Pernassus*; but as I can, I will; so having taken off a bowl of *Mereotick Wine*, he took Pen in hand, and wrote these numbers.

* *Soto's* ex-
tream mo-
desty, who
though a
most excel-
lent Poet,
will not
vaunt him-
self of his
own abili-
ties.

Fair Nymph, whose beauties all admire,
Whose face does set the World on fire;
Within whose brow (above the beak)
The Graces play at Barly-break,
Whose every curl a Cupid hides,
And many a sightlesse God besides;
Let not, O let not thy dire scorn,
Make me wish th'hadst nere been born,
Or being born (since I am shotten)
Fire this thou hadst been dead and rotten
I am no vulgar Suppliant (Sweet)
No Parish-child found in the street;
My name is *Zara*, who of late
Encountering *La-Fool*, broke his pate,

*And sent his Errant Knights (poor men-a)
 Unto the bottom of Gehenna ;
 Thou mayst be proud of this my proffer,
 For 'tis my first and onely offer ;
 The Love I prostrate unto thee,
 The mightiest Queens have b'g'd of me ;
 Marthesia was once my Mistris,
 With Antiopa, and Thalestris,
 Women that did great fame deserve
 For handling Sword as well as Nerve :
 O let not then thy coyneffe plunder
 His life, whom nought can kill but thunder.*

Your Beauties Vassale,

DON ZARA DEL FOGO.

These deathless Verses having had
 Zara's approbation, were seal'd up in
 the form of an Epistle, and thus su-
 perscribed :

*For the most Magnetick, Illustrious,
 and divine Lady, the Lady
 Madona del Simplicia.*

Soto himself was the Messenger, be-
 ing hastned by Zara to a speedy de-
 parture.



CHAR. V.

Soto comes to Court and delivers his Masters Letter to the Lady Madona del Simplicia. Her scornfull Reply. The Champion (being transported with passion) strikes Soto on the face. Soto turns up- on his Master : A cruell Combat betwixt them. Zara meeting with Don Pantalone there happens a bloody and dreadfull Fight. Soto's death and revivall.

IT was now about the hour when every man expected its meal, when Soto came to the Palace where he found the Lady Madona del Simplicia with the Princesses Maulkina and Dowcabel at dinner, and was forced (to his great grief) to wait in the Lobby till the time of exercising the teeth was over; the custome of the No-lan- ders, being quite different from that of other Nations, they never inviting any stranger to eat or drink, out of a conceit (it seems) that by their so do-

* As his
Life-guard.

ing they should prejudice the sellers of Roast or Boyled in the City, who paid great Taxes to the Prince, and were ever the first who * waited upon him to the Warres at their owne Charges; so that Soto having attended long with much impatience, was admitted to the presence of the Lady *Simplicia*, to whom (after many mannerly cringes) he presented his Masters Letter; the Lady, though she courteously received it, did not seem the least taken with the tenour, but having afforded a slight perusall, she

* But though the Lady seemed to slight his Verses in publike, she often made use of them in a Privie place.

* put it (not as *SOTO* expected in her bosome) in her pocket, returning the Champion this Answer:

That she did wonder a man of a strange Countrey, who for ought she knew was no more then a pretender to Arms, should be possessed with so bold a confidence to court her by Letter, whom he had never so much as spoken to; she willed him to forbear for the future any more to sollicite her by Letter, lest he involved himself in a Labyrinth, out of which he could not escape, but with the forfeiture of

of his life, adding that if it were he (as she believed it was) who departed from the Presence in the morning, in so mad, or rather Clownish a manner, she could not think him fit for any Society, save those of the Black-Guard, being either not well in his wits, or a Coridonickall Coxcombe.

Having said this, she flung away, her Gesture expressing the highest disdain, leaving SOTO in as much amazement as Ulysses his followers, when they felt themselves gradually giving up their manly shapes for that of Swine. What should poor SOTO do? to return to his Master with this nipping Answer, were to endanger his skin, and for to stay in this Inhospitable place were to starve his stomach; for a long time he stood like a man Soul-lesse; but at last his hunger overcame the thought of danger, and hee set forward towards his Masters Lodgings, who guessed the very event of the businesse by his face, but wisely disguising his fear, he

he cheerfully demanded what Answer the Lady had sent him. My Lord, said Soto, such an one as neither befits me to relate, nor you to hear. suffice it, she is a proud, disdainfull, contumacious woman, and is as likely to be won by your endeavours, as it is probable for me to make *Minerva* my Minion: This rather increased then mitigated the Champions inquiry, who commanded him, as he would avoid his wrath, to declare the whole carriage of the business. Since you will have it so, said Soto, know that she not only condemned your confidence for daring to importune her, but bespattered you with the odious epithets of Clown and Coxcomb. Death of my soule! said *Zara*, thou art alwayes (like the Raven) croaking my infortunity and disgrace, and I believe a cherisher rather then a confronter of those that calumniate me, in saying this (being transported with choller) he gave Soto so grievous a blow on the face, that it made him * totter thirty paces from him, the blood gushing out of his

* The Champions invincible strength

his nose very violently ; so that *Soto*, who (as it seems) had never before seen any such sanguinary flux, imagined himself wounded mortally, beyond all hope of escape, the grief whereof so exasperated him, that it gave him (as it were) a new soul, just when he lookt for no less then a separation of soul and body, and (O villany !) he resolved to take vengeance on his Master as his Murtherer, and accordingly (with the highest courage) came up to the teeth of *Zara*, *striking him twice or thrice on the chaps, in a most butcherly manner ; it was long ere the Champion (so great was his astonishment at this impudence of *Soto*) could believe both what he saw and felt, but having pregnant proof that *Soto* was indeed in earnest, and of a Secretary and an assistant was become a Serpent and an Assasinate, he redoubled his blowes with inexpressible indignation, which *Soto* not onely received, but retorted with almost equall force, so that the Combat grew both dangerous and dreadful, and it was hard to determine

* The outrageous Contention between Don *Zara* and his servant *Soto*.

mine which of they two should first purchase the Palm of Victory, for Soto (firmly conceiting that his latest hour was come) had sworn to his own soul to take his Master with him to *Tartarus*; this cruel contest continued for half an hour, till the Champion (as scorning to struggle any longer with his slave) closing with Soto, *compelled him to the earth; and now having this Typhon down, good reason that he overwhelm him with a mountain, therefore he loaded his breast with the weight of his bulk, ever and anon affording him a cuff or two, which Soto not knowing how to retalliate but with his teeth, at one snap snatcht away the tip of the Champions nose, which (with a Sardinian smile) he forced in his face, who now was skrew'd up to the highest key of anger, and therefore drawing his knife, he cruelly cut off both the ears of Soto, attempting (O Scythian ferity) to cram the new-cropt dowcets down his throat; by this one act of Barbarity he for ever disabled Soto, who now concluded himself as dead as a pickled Herring, and accordingly pos-
tured

* Being acquainted (it seems) with that sleight of heel which Wrestlers call the Cornish Hug.

stured himself as one fit for Funeall, which caused the Champlon (who ever abominated to insult over a dejected, or dead Foe) to forbear the further prosecution of his rage, and imagining he had most certainly slain his servant and Secretary, he presently harnessed himself, and mounting his strong Steed (as if haunted with Furies, like *Orestes* or *Orlando*) he put spurs to his Palfray (all bedewed as he was with *Soto's* blood) with a resolve to find out *Don Pantalone*, the Knight of the PUDDING and in one day to rid the world of two of his terriblest Enemies; his eyes had scarce lost the sight of his Lodgings, where he beheld *Pantalone* riding towards him in shining Armour, his Sword drawn in his hand. *Zara* was something abashed to meet him so pat, yet scorning to have his Man of War sunk by a Sculler, he also drew his blade, and coming within six yards of him, said,

Art thou that unmanner'd and degenerate Knight, that but yesterday didst send me a defiance by the Knight of the *Jackanapes*, challenging this
Steed,

Steed, Arms, Shield, and Sword, as thine, and threatening to cudgell and kick me, in case I delivered them not up into thy custody, as the true owner.

Yes, said *Pantalone*, I am that very man, and will justifie that challenge, proving with my life, that thou art an Errant Thief, and no Knight Errant, the shame of Knighthood and the stain of honour.

In saying this he gave his Steed a prick with his spur, who (as *Pantalone* had educated him) took a leap, which conveyed his Rider so neer our Champion, that striking him on the mouth with his hand and Gauntlet, he dislocated no less then four of his formost teeth, what can we fancy how much our Champion was exasperated with this trecherous indignity; therefore spitting his useles Grinders in *Pantalones* face (with such fury, that he had almost unhorsed him)* he gave the Knight of the Pudding so manly a blow on his Helmet, that he had cloven him to the waste, had not his Cap of steel been created by the Chalybes, and dipped in the River of

Bilboe;

* The dread-
full Combat
between Don
Zara & Don
Pantalone.

Bilboe; *Pantalone* (who had never before felt such force) sat upon his horse back with a shivering amazement, but at length recollecting himself, he seemed to make ample amends for his late stupidity, by giving *Zara* a wide wound on his right arm, which could not have hapned had our Champions Belt been girt about him, by vertue whereof he defied the dint of Sword, but (by the appointment of some malevolent power) that miraculous Girdle (being broken in the midst by the vigorous motion of his body while he encountred with *Duke La-Fool* and his 10000. Knights) fell from his waste the day before, so that now (like the slack-sinew'd Hebrew Gyant, with his hair off) he was no more then a very Mortall, and yet the greatnesse of his spirit for a long time supplied that insupportable loss, and he received wound upon wound with incredible patience; Nor was the Knight of the *Pudding* wholly exempted from danger (for to a Knight on horse-back, as is storied of the Centaurs; he that wounds the beast gashes the man) his Courser being wounded

in

in the neck, and having a considerable cut over the nostril, so that *Pantalone* was every minute in fear that his Steed should frown under him, and lye down with loss of blood; in the mean time *Zara's* wounds were multiplyed, yet his heart not mollified, resolving rather to dye courageously, then to make a cowardly Resignation of his Horse, Armour, Shield and Sword, and which was more then all, his person; besides he had sufficiently tired himself (one would think) in the late Battall against *Duke la-Fool* and his confederates, add to this his dismal Inngagement with *Soto*, and therefore ought to have been excused from Warlike imployment (at least) for some months. What could *Themistocles*, *Cleomenes*, *Hanniball*, *Alexander*, or the mighty *Montelyon*, Knight of the Oracle have done more; the excessive loss of blood so enfeebles him, that he is scarce able to brandish his blade, or to keep the Saddle, unless he grasp the pummell; which *Pantalone* perceiving (like a good and gracious Knight) exhorted him to yield himself, and with the price of his

his Sword, Steed, Armour and Shield,
to purchase a delivery from eminent
death: It will, quoth *Pantalone*, not
only spare thy life, but be thy con-
duct to thy Lodging, thy wounds
shall be sewed up by skilfull Chyrur-
gions, and thy body brought to a
warm bed; Our Champion is now
more * vanquished by courtesie then
by strength, being so much taken
with this kind preffer of *Pantalone*,
that alighting (though with much a-
do, by reason of his faintness) he took
his Horse by the bridle, and humb-
ling himself at *Pantalones* feet:

* Zara's re-
markable
placability.

Go here, quoth he, what not all the steel
of Toledo, nor * *Bryareus*, though each
hand of his had managed a sword could
have compassed, is effected by thy peerless
candour, receive this Shield, this good
Sword, these Arms, and this sturdy Steed
as my gift (my worth will command more
where ever Destiny shall drive me.)

* A German
Fencer ha-
ving a hun-
dred hands

The Knight of the Pudding (with a
smile) received what our Champion
so willingly surrendered, and seating
himself on *Founder-foot*, afforded *Zara*
a being at his back, leading his owne
O horse

horse in his hand (a thing that administered some cause of distast to our Champion, but having taken a Truce with his Enemy, he would not be the first should break it) riding on till he came to *Don Zara's* Lodgings, the people gazing upon him all the way very wistly, and whispering vituperatively, which our Champion heard well enough, but discreetly took no notice, being now become the very Emblem of the Golden Age, when a Pidgeon shall converse with Vultures; nor was *Pantalone* perfidious, but (in order to his promise) very courteously caused a skillfull Chyronist to be called, himself beholding those wounds which his hands had lately given carefully closed up, and the bruised Champion laid in his bed, of whom having taken leave, he returned (with his Horse, Armour, Shield, and Sword) to the Knight of the *Ape*, and his other Companions.

It were needlesse to narrate what flouting, and what fleeing there was amongst the bundle of Knights about this business of *Don Zara*, every man

censuring as his fancy guided. The course of the History commands us to leave them to the guidance of their Fate, and return to *Soto* (earless *Soto*) whom we lately left dead on the floor all be-mangled by his Master; long time it was (though he felt the palpitations of his heart and pulse, and that he was as warm as a new-beaten Bailiff) before *Soto* could be convinced of his Heresie, or believe himself to be alive, * first he moved an arm, then a leg, and at last took such heart of grace, that he couragiously leapt upon his feet, but the sight of his new-lopt ears had almost laid him along again; neverthelesse (with trembling) he at length took up his Lugs, and having heedfully wrapt them up in paper, put them in his pocket, till time should furnish him with opportunity to afford them the Rites of Sepulture; being thus out of all doubt, that he was now as other Mortalls; save for some maymes which he was resolved to keep from being seen by the help of his hair, he began to be somewhat comforted; but that

* *Soto's Resurrection:*

very sort of sorrow which in others occasion drought, causes in him hunger, a sharp appetite to meat; he therefore began to consider what was become of his Master *Don Zara Del Fogo*, and to curse himself for opposing him as an equal, whom he ought to have adored as a Sovereign; having therefore resolved to finde him, out, (and if it were possible) to reconcile himself, he resorted to the Host of the house where his Master resided, and very demurely demanded whether *Don Zara del Fogo* his Lord and Master were at home or abroad, in the Camp or the Court, answer was made, that he was just now conveyed to his bed (being much wounded) by a strange Knight, who seemed no other then he that had fought with him; Soto therefore enquiring what manner of man he was, and what Arms he wore, knew assuredly, that it was the Knight of the *Pudding*, *Don Pantalone*; he therefore resolutely went up to his Masters Chamber, but found the door fast locked, for the Champion having had his wounds bound

bound up, and being laid in a soft bed, had betaken himself to rest; Soto knocked twice or thrice very soberly, but receiving no answer, he multiplied his strokes, so long till *Zara* being awakened, demanded who was there; Soto retorted, Your Servant and Secretary SOTO; at which the CHAMPION (imagining by this time he had been laid in Earth), became much amazed, and in a distracted tone cryed out:

* *Zara takes Soto for a Ghost. See Felthams Resolves the third Century, pag. 100000.*

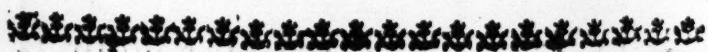
I beseech thee, thou Spirit of wronged Soto, return to thy rest, and vex not him with thy clamours who shall shortly visit thee in the other World.

Soto replied:

My Lord, we are both more happy then you conceit, I am alive, and Master of the same faculties of flesh that you are.

At this the Champion scrambled out of his bed, and opening the door, Soto supported him to his former station, where being laid he enquired of Soto how and by what meanes he escaped, who related to him every particular both of his death and Revivall: I shall the more cheerefully

welcome Death, said the Champion, that thou art alive; he then began to discourse what had hapned lately betwixt him and the Knight of the Pudding, and in the close of all commanded meat to be brought, and was confirmed that Soto was no Ghost by his eating: By this time it grew late, Cynthia being mounted in the highest of her five and twenty Mansions, the Champion therefore, having imbraced Soto, permitted him to depart, and flunk down into his bed the second time.



CHAP.



CHAP. VI.

The Champion recovered of his wounds, but inwardly vexed at Simplicia's scorn, is comforted and restored by Soto's excellent Oratory. He and Soto forsake their Lodging to avoid an after reckoning. Having left No-land, they arrive in a continent where the Champion finds the winged Hog, promised him by Lammia; He and Soto mounting their bristled Beast, are carryed through the Ayre, meeting with many strange Adventures.

Our Champions exterior wounds are not so wide but they may easily admit of cure, were not his interiours mortally vexed with the vigorous pangs of Love, the scorn of his Mistris *Simplicia* stuck Needles at his heart; his sick soule is surrounded with dolour, each thought is a thrust, and every cogitation a Carbonado.

* Zara's
dolefull
Complaint.

* O Love, Love, said he, thou least of bulk, but greatest in strength of all the Powers immortall; what has *Don Zara* done unto thy Deity, that thou art so partiall in thy dispensations, emptying thy Quiver at his brest, and not ayming so much as one Arrow at her whose heart is more hard then Scythian Ice, or the scales of Dragons; Did not *Gylo* wash my head with warm Urine, and *Simplicia* slight my Addresses as I had rather been a Lowt then a Lord, a Coxcomb then a Champion, and a Knave Rampant then a Knight Errant; were my strength equall to my will, I would break thy Bow and Bolts about thy eares, and write thy Elegie with a Quill pluckt from thy own wing.

With these and the like fascinerous fancies, he wearied himself almost all that night, but *Phœbus* flinging about his Rayes to illuminate the world, *Soto* resorted unto him, using all possible perswasion to assuage his grief, but (alas) to no purpose, for the Fistula of Love had seized upon his very fundamentals, so that though he grew every day more and more healthy,

Healthy, being now able to eat and drink devoutly, and traverse his Chamber as nimbly as a Berkshire Squirrell, yet within he was more sickly then a Subburb Letcher, or a drawl'd Prostitute, sitting her self for Fluxation, which Soto perceiving, thought it his duty to take him to task, and to endeavour to drive this Devill of *Paphos* out of him.

How now my Lord, said he, will you cast away that life which was given you to redtem others from death and destruction * for a Fis-gig, a flurr, a fickle, fantastick, fallacious, foolish Female? What do we get by these Gim-cracks? Satiation of our lusts: What is this fruition we so much covet, but a kind of fulsome Recreation, that flags our Crests, and makes us look worle then stale Drunkards, or losing Gamesters that have sat up all night to undo themselves? Be your self (my Lord) the Son of *Mars*, and not the slave of *Venus*; these whim-crown'd tumors un-man us all, and are at best but coveted calamities.

*The Author disclaims this Inveſtive as none of his, but Soto's.

This

This Satyricall Oration so much prevailed with the Champion, that he was now quite changed into another man; his heart which before was as soft as Curds, is now totally petrified, and more obdurate then steel or Hangmen, so that he who some minutes since was Loves creature, is now more then his Conquerour; tis true, he shed abundance of tears, sighing and sobbing, as was pittifull to see; but these showers were but the preludiums to Thunder-cracks. My Arms (quoth he) O my Arms, my Sword, Shield, and Mace, but above all my Belt, the sad vicissitudes of two dayes have laid a foundation of misery for many Ages, bitten by a Bear, baffled by *Gylo*, reproached by *Simplicia*, and denuded by *Don Pantalone*; what horror has Fortune yet to inflict? My Lord, said *Soto*, Fortune was ever a foe to noble minds, letting others pass as not worthy her notice; the tallest Trees and highest Towers are sometimes levell'd, when sheds and shrubs remain untoucht: Engineers are sometimes blown up with their own Mines,

Mines, when Mouf-trap-Makers dye
meerly with sickness or age; Dukes
and Marquesses fall by the Bullet or
the Ax, when Dunghill-Rakers and
Maulsters out-live themselves; Did
you ever know a Gnat perish of the
Pox, Goats and Monkeys destroy
themselves with Doing; that then
which you look upon as the Indigna-
tion of Heaven, is the Indulgency of
Jove, witness wise *Seneca*:

*Prosperity and happy Fortune finds
Out Tapsters, Tinkers, & untutor'd Hynds*

O who can sufficiently express the
force of Eloquence! Our Champion
is so charmed with *his* Philosophi-
call Elocution, that he cares now no
more for a Sword, then an Ape for a
clog; or for a Shield, then a Slave
for a Bulls-pizzle; Armour is but a
kind of honourable luggage, the con-
fidence whereof causes Cowardice;
and for Charmed Belts, and for such
kind of Infernall securities, he said
that the Devils word and his Oath
were alike, and he was most safe that
had

had least to do with him; as concerning a Courser (he aileadging that it was both dangerous and deipicable to travell ou foot) *Soto* informed that the very High-wayes and Hedges, but especially Meads and Marish grounds would afford them a pair of Palfrays; Heightned with these Heroick Rudiments, the Champion and *Soto* (each grasping a staffe or Truncheon in his hand) resolved to forsake *No-Land*, as a Continent onely fertile in Fatalities, and to travell to the remotest parts of the Earth, but they would finde men more faithfull, and women more flexible; One morning therefore, while *Aurora* was combing her Crisped Hairs, *Sol* being yet soundly sleeping in the Lap of *Thetis*, they thought it fit to convey themselves out of *Zardona-pala-Mancha* before their Host, or any of the household were stirring, the course of the Countrey carrying them through a Myrie Lane, almost three furlongs in length, to their exceeding turmoyle, but by the help of their Staves they vaulted over many deep Sloughes

Shloughes and Boggs, which otherwise might have been very banefull unto them.

Having brought this Land to a period, they found themselves entered into a large, but very pleasant Wood, here were Trees of Rosemary, farre taller and bigger of bulk then any Brittish Elme, with Beds of Camomile six yards high, the Grasse no gowtier then that of other Climates, yet so incomparably stubborn, that the CHAMPION and SOTO passed over their tops without the least depressing of them, as on a Marble Pavement: In the midst of this Grove there ran a Rivulet, not so ChrySTALLINE as they could have wished, in which were infinite numbers of Flying-Fishes, which sometime fought with one another in the Ayre with incredible fiercenesse, many being slain on both sides, but dropping into their native Element they are recovered again.

These Feuds were maintained by these Aquatillians, meerly to please the

the Genius of the place, called *Dicton*, who sat (invironed with a Guard of Spectars) at the root of a *Palme Tree*, but his shape was so dreadful, that neither the Champion nor *Soto* durst stand him, and therefore they departed towards the East side of the Grove, where the Champion espied that rare Beast which *Lamia* the Inchantresse had prophesied he should meet withall; this wondrous Creature had the shape of a Hogg, but farre bigger then an ordinary Horse, two wings expanding themselves on either side of him; his Saddle (very sumptuously imbossed with Gold) on his back, and his Bridle hanging loosely about his neck; he was feeding very voraciouly on the verdant Grasse, his teeth serving as a Sickle with which he mowed down all before him.

The CHAMPION was so overcome with joy to behold this Beast, that he remained for a time speechlesse, but at length recovering himselfe; See *SOTO*, said hee, where the winged Hogg (that gift
of

of the Gods) long since assigned me
by *Lamia* ; offers himself to my dis-
posall : He had no sooner said this ,
but (like a couragious Knight) he
made up to this plumed prodigie, who
seemed to fawn on him like a Spa-
niell ; and to be desirous of his ser-
vice ; The CHAMPION finding
him so gentle, immediately put the
bit into his mouth , and leaping in-
to the Saddle, commanded SOTO
to get up behind him, who was once
in the mind rather to desert his Ma-
ster, then hazzard his person in so
eminent a danger ; but at length (O
man of desperation !) he forced him-
self to a compliance, and loaded
the Crupper of this volatile Swine,
who no sooner found himself bur-
thened , but he quietted the Earth ,
and (like some flitting Fowle)
made way with waving Wings,
through the moyst Ayre, while the
CHAMPION (like another Bel-
lerophon) was carried over Land
and Sea, to the infinite astonish-
ment of all that beheld him, the
people forsaking their houses, fol-
lowed

lowed him in heaps, to feast their eyes with so unparallel'd an object; some thinking him to be *Hermes*, others some Magician, such as *Agrippa* or *Faustus*, having thus travelled many hundred leagues, he gave his Hog a check, who gently saluted the Earth, the CHAMPION finding himself in the in-most parts of *Africa*, in one place he saw those kind of Devils called *Onoscelli*, with leggs like unto Asles, in another place * *Ephialte* and *Hypbriate*, those very things that in the shapes of men and women, allure the very Mortalls of both Sexes to Venerie, whence it comes to pass that we have many Hermaphrodictall Monsters amongst us even at this day, being (indeed) half men and half Devils, but whether by the fathers or the mothers side, is not materiall.

* Incubi and
Succubi, that
leap upon
men and wo-
men in their
sleep; & me
ignorant
Physicians
say that these
are nothing
else but a
Disease.

No marvell if our Champion were not very well pleased with this place which afforded nothing for food, unless he would have fed upon the haunches of a Hyppocentaure, or feasted on the fore-quarter of a Fiend; he there-

therefore having seated *Soto* once more behind him, gave his winged Beast the Rein, who forsaking this duller Earth, cut a passage to the Clouds, travelling over the tops of Steeples and Towers, with admirable celerity.

Ah *Zara*, *Zara*, had thy rude Father moystned thy minority with the Elements of the Arts; till thou hadst grown tall and tough in Scientificall knowledge, what excellent Cosmographical Volumes had the World been witness of? and thou (with *Julius Cæsar*) have been as famous for thy Goose Quill in after Ages, as thou art now eminent for thy wondrous Hogg, and Heroick Resolution to visit strange Countries; but it's bootless to bewail a helpless ill, and to weep over the Bier will not bring the dead man to life again: Proceed we therefore with the Narration of our Champions admirable Adventures, who (as did *Soto*) grew more and more ponderous every minute, so that the Swine began to abate much of his

P

swift-

* The emptiness of the
craw causes
the heaviness of the
carkas. See
Marriots
Madrigals,
and Wood
of Kents
Aphorism.

swiftness, and to flye but with a feeble wing, which caused the Champion (though much against his will, for he had not yet perused a place pat for his purpose) to salute the Earth a second time, but with the same fortune he found before; this was part of *Lybia*, but not so full of Serpents as in *Cato's* time, by reason that the River *Nylus* had broken that way, and made a fair riddance of these foule creatures; here they found men and women with heads like Dogs barking at one another most bitterly, and sometimes howling in a most hideous manner, the comfortable Sun, nor the continent Moon never beautified these barren grounds, onely a certain Star appeared in the East part of the Horizon, which afforded a glimmering Lucency; the Champion and Soto were exceedingly perplexed to finde themselves now amongst Doggs, as lately among Divels, insomuch, that had they worn Swords, ten to one but they had slain themselvs, but making a vertue of necessity (the Champion leading the winged Hog in his hand)

hand) they footed it with much swift-
ness. till they came within ken of a
Castle, scituate upon a Rock, inviro-
ned with many pleasant Trees; how
joyous our Champion and Soto were
to behold this Mansion (in all proba-
bility) made for Mortalls to make
merry in, let those that have been sen-
sible of their sufferances relate.



Here



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24 JY 68

Here Time trips up the heels
of thy bright story,
Renowned Don, vext at thy
Valours glory;
Dragons may now
securely sleep, and ugly
Deformed Orks seem to look
smooth and smugly;
Gyants may wield their Maces'
and their Oakes,
And knock down Knightbood
with their strenuous stroaks:
Who now shall cure those Castles
that are haunted?
Affording ayde to men
and Beasts Inchantèd?
None, none, for Zara sleeps
(to gain new vigour)
And who shall dare to rowze
a snoring Tyger:
Let him that sings his Second Part
drink smartly,
Of Sack and Sulphure,
and then write most tartly.

FINIS.

24 JY 68

ERRATA.

Courteous Reader I desire thee to mend severall litterall faults and points misplaced which doth sometime make the sence harsh, and turn over to Book 1. Chap. 3. at the second line, read, like Bandogs so tormented,
